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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 22.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 3, 1909.

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The Modern Man



I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

0. 22.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 3RD, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

THE SPORTING PRIG.

A TYPE.

thinks he is a sportsman, poor devil, but fails so lamentably. He takes up some form of sport—or more dabbles in a dozen different ones, with success at any—just because he thinks it is not by any means the same as the self-conscious sportsman. The latter is a man first, and then, because he knows he is good at his pet sport, and because it is a great deal to him, he likes occasionally to brag a little about it, and to be identified in the minds of his friends.

He is never tired of ramming down the throat the fact that he is, or thinks he is, a sportsman. He talks sporting shop all day long, until he is sick of it. And unfortunately his shop is more from a close study of three or four sporting newspapers every day—which is his only literature—than from actual participation in the games he drivels about.

He can tell you all about every Soccer profession who is known to fame, and tell you the names of every Club in the Cup Ties. He can give you most of the batting and bowling figures during the cricket season, and the names of almost every county player. He would join the local football and cricket clubs, and let his sport begin at home, he would sometimes he does.

He tries to justify his sporting toggery, but it is a strange thing that he always chooses the wrong way to his club-house when he has his sports on.

You hear him continually speaking of "passing," "dribbling," and so forth, and the nonsense knocked out of him. He remembers in my own school-days I knew him after school we used to turn up for the lesson with our footer togs decorously by an overcoat.

He is not so my priggish friend. He arrived in the full glory of our most garish jersey and togs, with a pair of shorts which he had at the greatest pains to get as dirty as he

would sit and shiver in his place until the was dismissed, but no overcoat should be the risk of anyone not seeing that he was going to play football afterwards—which he never did. He would scuttle like a bit about the field and be very busy—as far as the ball as possible.

He is a true sportsman will talk about his game, it is true, but only to those who knows are interested. He plays it because he likes it and not because it is the thing to do.

JOHN QUARLES.

CHEEK.

The Independent Labour Party proposes that "no member of the Independent Labour Party shall enlist in any of the fighting forces of the Empire, save under stress of hunger." In the interests of the "fighting forces of the Empire," we sincerely hope that the Independent Labourites will always have more than enough to eat.

Lord Kinnauld has just discovered and deplores a tendency on the part of the public to make too much of an occupation of games. Lord Kinnauld, by the way, has for many years been President of the Football Association, a body which has done more than any other to promote professionalism in sport.

The Conservators of Shenfield Common have suggested that couples who go courting there should pay one shilling a year towards the upkeep of the Common. A sort of poll(y)-tax?

On the eve of the Taunton election, Mr. Keir Hardie sent this message to Mr. Frank Smith, the Labour, and, as it proved, unsuccessful candidate: "May God be good to His own to-day, and send you to join us." It is rumoured that Mr. Keir Hardie is engaged on a monumental work on good taste.

So we are to have an aeroplane corps. Naturally Mr. George R. Sims, of Tatcho fame, will put the members through their air-drill.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, we learn, is partial to (s)avo(u)ry on toast.

Mr. Birrell says that he would like to see a House of Lords containing women as well as men. We should like to see fewer old women in the House of Commons.

"I am a private citizen now, and must stop talking," says Mr. Roosevelt. More paving stones for Pluto, we fear.

A certain noble lord now in the public eye has, we hear, been offered a fabulous salary to appear and sing at a certain music-hall. Would his repertoire include "Put Me Among the Girls?"

An advertisement recommends "Women who wish to enjoy a little recreation from the worries of household duties" to read an invasion serial now appearing in an alleged popular weekly, and concludes with this cheerful, worry-dispelling question: "If your husband were killed for defending your home what would you do?"

Bottom(ley) came out on top.

A Parisian hatter predicts that in "a few years the silk hat will have disappeared for ever." Our new one disappeared yesterday while we were having our hair cut, and, alas, we fear, for ever.

NORMAN FRASER.

THE BOAT RACE.

HOW IT FEELS TO ROW IN ONE.

At first, when after many trials and tribulations I was given the coveted Blue, and knew my place was safe, my happiness was unalloyed.

I became a blood; my position in the social and athletic world was assured.

Then came the long weary weeks of training, the self-denial and discomfort of it all. Lent is Lent indeed to the Rowing Blue.

I became more and more obsessed with the idea that my crew must win, that I would give everything I possessed, including my immortal soul, to ensure its victory.

Then came the time when I grew sick of it all; I should have liked to chuck up training and have done with the whole thing.

The boat seemed to get worse and worse. What was the use of going on splashing about like that? If they couldn't row a course in better style than that, what would happen when it came to the race?

We are lying alongside the stake-boat ready for the start. At a word from the coach we strip and prepare for the fray. A touch of resin on my hands to give a sure grip of the oar-handle; a pat from a newly-resined palm to my hair—for there are really quite a lot of people looking on, and—

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one—we're off. Vanity disappears as I tear through those first two strokes. I don't care a tinker's curse now how I look. I only know I am there to row like hell.

They say rowing is bad for the heart. I don't care; let my heart go; all I want is to get to Mortlake ahead of those fellows in the other boat.

I can catch a glimpse of them out of the corner of my eye—though I know I shouldn't—and they are going horribly well.

Only three hundred yards more—so a voice yells from behind. Have I been dreaming? No, I believe I was saying nursery rhymes to myself.

I collect my scattered thoughts. Fifteen more strokes will do it. I must plug them in all I know.

I kick wildly at the stretcher, and try to lift the boat out of the water, as I see our rivals' oar blades on a level with ours.

Five, in front of me, is done to the world, and swinging crooked. I must do his work as well.

Work! Always work! For months past nothing but work. Why can't I rest? I ask nothing more than to lie down and die quietly.

What has happened? The men in front have stopped rowing and fallen forward on their oars.

Good heavens! I am going to faint. I can feel the darkness coming down upon me; but before I fall backwards over three's stretcher, I catch a glimpse of the other boat lying still on the water nearly a length behind us, and I hear a voice somewhere behind me gasp:—

"We've won!"

C. S.

BORROWED ENERGY.



AN INTERESTING AND MYSTERIOUS TRUTH.

When a doctor recommends a patient to take horse exercise—as wise doctors often do—he does so for some obvious reasons; he knows that the fresh air, the muscular exertion involved, and the peculiar virtues of riding exercise, particularly in the way of stimulating the liver and other great organs, must benefit the man who is “out of sorts.”

There is, however, another and not so well known aspect of riding as a tonic, and it was a medical friend who first directed my attention to it.

According to him, the ailing man who takes horse exercise benefits not only in the ways described, but by the absorption of some of his horse's vitality and energy.

MODERN CENTAURS.

This is a fascinating theory, and the more one looks into it, the more is one impressed by it.

Just cast your mind back, and recall the last time you put your legs across a horse. Apart from the delight of being out in the open air, the strenuous pleasure of controlling the spirited beast beneath you, were you not conscious of an indefinable yet very real sense of increased energy and virility?

And I do not think that the ordinary stimulating effects of exercise wholly account for this wonderful sense of well-being. I claim that the man who has much to do with animals unconsciously borrows something of their energy.

Of course, that is only a theory, and rather a daring one, but while it might be impossible to demonstrate the direct transference of energy from animal to man, there can be little doubt that indirectly the vitality of an animal, more particularly of a horse, reacts upon our own.

None, surely, can ride a horse without admiring its splendid and perfect muscularity. You see and feel its powerful muscles rippling beneath you, and sensibly or insensibly your thoughts turn to your own physical condition.

LENDERS OF VITALITY.

If you are a weak man, you feel that you would give anything to have the horse's strength, and thus you are spurred on to make yourself strong and “fit.”

Even if you are a naturally powerful, healthy man, association with horses encourages you to attempt a still greater state of physical perfection, for strong and athletic as you may be, you yet fall far short of the wonderful and exquisite muscular beauty and harmony of the horse, and thus indirectly you borrow more than something of the horse's energy.

I have mentioned the horse in particular because the association between it and its rider is so close, but from almost any powerful animal we may, and I claim do, absorb vitality.

Take, for example, a dog like a bull-terrier, which perhaps carries more power and “dash” to the square inch than any other breed. Surely, be you a man, you cannot own a bull-terrier without wishing you had something of its tremendous vitality, and from wishing you pass to trying, and thus again indirectly borrow the dog's energy.

I say that anyone who has had much to do with animals noted for their courage and strength, knows that the association has a marked tonic effect on the human being, and still further beyond dispute is the theory of borrowed energy as applied to men themselves.

There are some men who seem literally to diffuse and radiate vitality. Their presence is like a breath of ozone; you feel “bucked up,” strengthened, heartened from just meeting them. Why?

Because unconsciously you have absorbed some of their superabundant energy.

AMATEUR DOCTORS.

An invalid will often say: “Oh, I do like a visit from So-and-so, he always does me good.”

The visitor has transferred some of his vitality to the sufferer.

Again weak men are often if not indeed generally attracted to their stronger brethren. Here, as before, I say there is a direct transmittal of energy, but there is also an indirect borrowing of the strong man's virility by his weaker brother.

We admire most in others those qualities which we ourselves lack. The weakling admires the strong man's physical powers, and in many cases strives to emulate them, prompted not by his own energy, but by that which he has absorbed from his friend.

And we borrow not only physical, but mental energy from one another. A bright, lively, amusing man joins a dull party, and in a trice the scene is changed.

We had sat silent, stupid, incapable of mental effort, but from the new-comer there seems to flow an electric mental current, which touches our brains and quickens them into activity.

The impulse comes not from within, but from without; in short, we have borrowed something of the new arrival's energy.

MORAL ENERGY.

We also borrow moral qualities from each other. A desperate enterprise is to be launched, and we hang back, none wishing to take the first step. Then a bolder spirit than the rest springs forward, and we are ready to follow him, aye, even to the death. Why?

Because we borrow from him the courage that we ourselves lack.

Or again, we have an unpleasant ordeal to face, or a disagreeable duty to perform, and we say to a friend, “I wish you would see me through this, old chap.” We go to him, because we know that he can lend us strength.

At every turn of life, though we may not know it, we are borrowing and lending energy, and in some cases lives become so bound up with one another as to be indissoluble.

Take the case of a married couple who have lived together to a great age. One dies, and almost invariably the other quickly follows. It is not as the result of grief—with age insensibility to pain is mercifully dulled—it is just that one has not the energy to live without the other, though together their joint vitality was sufficient to maintain the feeble flame of their flickering lives.

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

That there are associate or twin human lives, where the vitality of the one is merged in the vitality of the other, is, I think, beyond dispute, but the theory of borrowed energy as applied to man and animal is more debatable.

Still there is surely much to be said for the view that among the other blessings of companionship, affection, and usefulness, we receive from animals, is that of borrowed energy.

When we lose a favourite horse or dog there is something more than grief to bear; we are conscious of a physical hiatus or gap, there seems to be a lowering of our vitality. Unconsciously we had been absorbing and living on the borrowed energy of our pet.

C. WOLFF, B.A.

ETIQUETTE.

IV. DINING OUT.

A dinner party should be an enjoyable function, but to some men it is a nightmare, because they don't “know the ropes.”

To begin with, reply promptly to the invitation, answering it in the same form as it is addressed. That is, if “Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson request the pleasure of Mr. Herbert Jones's company at dinner on Wednesday, April 7th, at half-past seven o'clock,” Mr. Thomas Robinson, should answer thus: “Mr. Thomas Robinson has much pleasure in accepting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones's kind invitation to dinner on Wednesday, April 7th.”

In the case of a public dinner the “honour” your company is usually requested, and you should have “the honour to accept, etc.”

To an invitation in the first person reply in the same mode, while if declining, you reply that owing to a previous engagement or ill-health you are unable to accept Mr. and Mrs. Blank's kind invitation, again being careful to couch your reply in the same terms as the invitation.

A dinner engagement once made should never be broken except for serious and unavoidable reasons.

Be punctual, and thus shall you find favour in the sight of your host and hostess and fellow-guests.

On being announced, shake hands with your hostess, then with your host, and next, after exchanging a few remarks, with any friends among the guests, but you needn't go pumping and handling all round the room.

Presently your host will introduce you to the lady whom you are to take in to dinner. As a rule, you should simply bow to her, unless she offers to “shake.”

The principal lady goes in first with the hostess, the man of highest rank last with the hostess, the intervening guests in order of precedence; that is, in the case of a very formal affair, your host or hostess will tell you your position in the “procession.”

Nine times out of ten you should offer your right arm to your partner, but as a lady should always be next the wall descending a staircase, sometimes you should give her your left arm; watch your host and see what he does.

Whatever you do, don't tuck your napkin under your chin or into your waistcoat or shirt-front, neither spread it out over your knees like a rug.

Now we come to the eating and drinking, and the latter may be dismissed with the remark that nowadays you can hardly be too temperate, not only while the ladies are present, but after they have retired.

The viands, however, often present difficulties to a man unaccustomed to society, and here are a few good general “tips.”

Never use a knife or spoon when a fork will do by itself. Thus hors d'œuvres, entrées, and many sweets are usually eaten with a fork only. When, however, there is any cutting to be done, use a knife even to the hors d'œuvres.

Don't clean up your plate in a manner suggesting that you have not seen food for a week; on the other hand don't leave so much as to suggest that you don't like the dish, whatever it may be.

A second helping is never taken at a formal dinner party.

There is no need to say “please” or “thank you” to the servants, unless you are asking them to do some special service for you.

It is not necessary to partake of every course. There will probably be a menu in front of you, and don't be afraid to study it and pick out the dishes you like, or, if you are wise, that “like” you.

Never talk across your neighbour. Your first conversational duty is to the lady you have taken in, but don't monopolise her.

Call on your hostess within a week, or at the most ten days of the party. E. H. HILL.

ON THE CRAGS

his name in the eyes of the family, blighted his career at the very outset.

His memory swung back five years to a scene in a London club; or what, in his ignorance of town life, he then believed to be such. He was fresh from the country at the time, knowing little of the world or its ways, and so fell blindly into the trap laid for him.

Leechmore had fathered him on his arrival in town. It was he who introduced him to this so-called club, which, under a thin disguise, was a notorious gambling den.

The scene on that fatal evening stood out vividly again before Shackleton's mind. He recalled how, on entering, he had been struck by the luxurious fittings, by the crowd of men in evening dress, by the animated buzz of conversation. Many of those present appeared to be known to Leechmore personally, for he whispered to one or two in passing, who nodded their heads by way of reply.

The assembly broke up into groups, which gravitated around the different tables. Leechmore and his friends selected their own table; and Shackleton, after some little banter on the score of his wishing to stand out, was induced to join them.

The fever of gambling soon took possession of him. It mounted to his head. The hour that followed appeared one mad whirl of excitement. Play ran high. Wine flowed freely. And he won—won enormously.

Then—in one terrible second came the tragedy.

Moved as though by a common impulse all at the table, with the exception of Leechmore, rose to their feet and flung down their cards. Angry looks were flashed on Shackleton from all sides; accusing fingers were pointed to the cards in his hand. In a kind of dumb stupor he laid the cards bare on the table. He held a false hand!

What followed was like the black confusion of a nightmare. There was a surging in his brain, a roaring as of waters in his ears. He hardly heard what was said. He only knew that Leechmore alone stood by him, or appeared to do so. In the blackness of his despair he was dimly conscious that Leechmore was endeavouring to pacify the others, to assure them there must be some mistake. His objections were brushed aside; and the next thing Shackleton remembered was that a document was thrust before him, and he was asked to sign.

He was hemmed in now on all sides. People had crowded to the table from every part of the room, and an angry demonstration was taking place around him. Even Leechmore stood silent. He cast one look around the rim of threatening faces. Then he signed.

Within four-and-twenty hours the incriminating document, wrung from him in a moment of mental weakness, had been placed before his father, General Sir William Shackleton, of Indian Mutiny fame. The stern old soldier, furious at the dishonour which had been brought upon the name, cast him off. He was deaf to all appeals; refused to listen to any explanation. Shackleton was disowned, disinherited; and Leechmore, the general's step-son, was received into favour instead.

Shackleton went out into the world with a secret bitterness in his heart. He knew that Leechmore had played him false, set a trap for him. But how could he prove it? Leechmore avoided him. Hitherto there had been no chance of bringing him to book. But now—now—

Shackleton strode on towards the Great Gable as if with a fixed, settled purpose.

II.

The ascent of the Great Gable, even under favourable conditions, requires a cool head and

a knowledge of crag-climbing which can be gained only by experience. Shackleton possessed both. He had already made the ascent more than once, and the rocky face of the Gable was as an open book to him.

On the present occasion, however, he met with difficulties which he had not encountered before. Elmslie's warning was not misplaced. The ascent on a day like this was distinctly dangerous. More than once a stone, loosened by the recent rains, went clattering down from under his foot, and he had some difficulty in saving himself from a nasty fall.

Still, he held grimly on his upward way. The thought of Leechmore was in his mind, strengthening his purpose. Should they meet, should they come face to face in this mountain solitude—well, Leechmore would have to render an account of that affair five years ago.

He was working his way round the head of a steep gully, known as the Sliding Edge, when he happened to glance down. Below, the gully was flanked on either side by a boulder, with a narrow opening in between. And on one of these boulders was perched a raven. The ill-omened bird kept watch there like some grim sentinel, craning its neck into the opening at intervals, while its mate wheeled in the air overhead in ever-contracting circles.

Shackleton knew what it meant. No need to tell him there had been an accident. Someone had slipped down the gully and shot straight between the boulders.

And the man must have been badly injured, if not killed outright, otherwise the ravens would not be hovering about.

Shackleton's mind was made up in an instant. He must go down.

Experienced cragsman as he was, he knew exactly what to do. Hitching the end of his guide-rope around a spur of rock, he let it dangle down the gully. Then he commenced the descent.

The Sliding Edge is delusive when seen from below or above. It appears to present no great difficulties, yet it has a reputation for danger scarcely surpassed by any other portion of the Great Gable.

Shackleton found he had undertaken a task which called for all his skill and the ready resource of the cragsman. There were moments when his foot slipped from the smooth face of the rock, and the rope alone saved him from being dashed after the unfortunate climber who had already fallen.

Twisting his head round he measured the distance to the boulder upon which the raven was still perched. It was some twenty feet below. Not until he had almost reached it did the bird extend its wings and flap away with a hoarse, protesting cry.

Shackleton stepped on to the boulder, and peered over its outer edge. Then he saw what had happened.

The gully ended in a narrow ledge which cut straight across the foot. Beyond the ledge, some ten or twelve feet lower down, and jutting out from the sheer face of the cliff like a cock's spur, was a point of rock. To that point of rock a man was clinging, hanging sideways to it with both hands. And the man was Leechmore.

It was easy to guess how he had got into that position. He had slipped down the gully, shot right out over the ledge, and grabbed the point of rock in falling. And there he hung, suspended in mid-air, with a sheer drop of a hundred feet below.

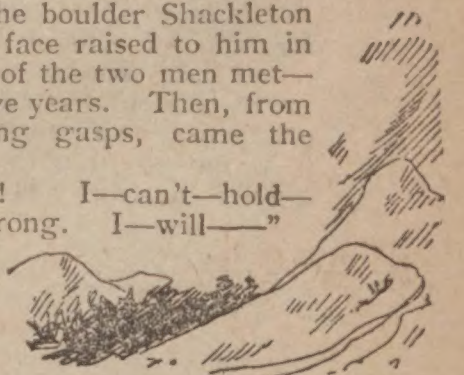
His head had fallen forward between his arms; but as if some instinct told him he was watched from above, he threw it back and looked up.

From his position on the boulder Shackleton saw the white, agonised face raised to him in piteous appeal. The eyes of the two men met—for the first time in five years. Then, from below, in hoarse, panting gasps, came the words:

"Shackleton—save—me! I—can't—hold—longer! I—did—you—wrong. I—will—"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.
By JOHN L. HORNIBROOK.

I.
Shackleton, in climbing toggery, with guide-rod over his shoulder, stood in the doorway of the little mountain inn, almost blocking the path. He was in a contemplative mood, after his usual fashion, sucking un- consciously at the empty pipe between his teeth. At the moment he was contemplating the Great Gable, rising mightily and mistily to the westward, scanning it with a drowsy yet critical eye. He was communing with himself on the probability of attempting to climb that day. The weather was against it. The probabilities of it were like to be held up on a hillside by these blinding mists. There was a brisk step near him; and Elmslie, of the Climbers Club, came trudging up. "Thinking of it?" he said. "Don't. Far better stop at home, and make myself snug by the fireside. I don't like the weather on the Gable. The mist is sure to be caught in it." Shackleton nodded. "There are other reasons," continued Elmslie. "The heavy rains lately have made climbing dangerous. There have been one or two ugly slips, and places that you were able to climb easily enough before are no longer so. I have warned that fellow Leechmore about it." "Who?" "The question was shot out with a strange intonation of tone, and Shackleton's head went round with a jerk towards his companion. "Leechmore. Thought you knew him. Fellow with a thick, black moustache and badly-set eyes. Is he staying here?" "Seems a bit of a question from Shackleton's eyes, and there was a glint in them instead. "Stopping at the Derwent, I believe. He has done a bit of climbing in the Alps. I told him now on his way to tackle the Gable. Did he turn back?" "Not he. The man is one of those cocksure fellows, who thinks he knows more than any- one. He stands a fair chance of broken bones, if nothing worse befalls him." "Elmslie trudged off in a huff; for a warning from him, an expert on all matters per- taining to the Cumberland crags, was not to be lightly disregarded. Shackleton remained standing passively in the doorway until he was out of sight. Then a change came over him. He strode out into the direction of the Great Gable. For he was shaken out of his usual calm. Leechmore! The name recalled the one dark spot in his life. It touched a sore spot. A man, his own step-brother, had blackened



Two words, and two words only, were dropped down from above in answer; but they were such as to sweep despair from the mind of the man below—

"Hold on!"

In a matter of seconds Shackleton had scrambled down between the boulders and reached the ledge. From thence he lowered himself to the spur of rock. Straddling across it, he gripped Leechmore's wrists and pulled him up by sheer bodily strength.

Once he had him safely on the spur he looped the end of the guide-rope under his armpits and scrambled back himself on to the ledge. With infinite labour, and at the risk of being dragged over himself in case Leechmore slipped, he got the exhausted man up and propped him against the rock.

The nearest way to safety lay along the ledge. In that direction they went, slowly, step by step, Shackleton still lending his step-brother what aid he could, and supporting him with his arm. One slip of the foot would mean death to both.

It was over at last. They were on safe ground again. There Leechmore sat down, and buried his face in his hands. And there with just one glance at him, Shackleton left him and went off to recover his guide-rope.

No word, save what Leechmore had gasped out while he clung to the rock, had passed between them on the score of that sore affair five years ago. That night, however, a letter was handed to Shackleton. It contained the fatal document he had signed at the club, and which Leechmore had retained in his possession ever since. There was a note appended in which Leechmore confessed that he himself had slipped the false cards into his step-brother's hand. The whole affair had been previously arranged with the others at the table.

And so, though in a very different manner to what he anticipated when he set out for the Gable that day, Shackleton came into his own.

LOOKING AFTER YOUR BIKE.

A bicycle is after all a pretty fair substitute for a horse, as far as carrying you from place to place goes. But it very rarely comes in for the same amount of attention that a man would give his four-legged friend.

It deserves to be well looked after, however, for not infrequently you literally trust your life to it when going down a steep hill or riding in traffic.

In one particularly sad case, the victim had actually boasted before setting out, of his ignorance of the condition of a hired bike, which eventually caused his death owing to the brakes failing to act on a hill.

The brakes are, of course, the most important part of the machine to look to, especially with a free-wheel.

The chain is also a very vital part, and should be carefully examined from time to time. Keep it well lubricated with black lead and oil, and do not allow the cogs to get clogged with dirt.

See also that the chain remains at the right tension. If you allow it to get too loose it is liable to come off at a critical moment, if too tight it may snap.

It is at times a nuisance to have to shift the numerous nuts which are thus affected, but it pays in the end.

Test your saddle at various heights. When having mine repaired recently I found that it had been set a little lower than before, so that I could easily feel the pedal with my heel.

I was astonished to find as soon as I mounted, that the labour of pedalling was far less than when I kept to the height I had originally set it at.

The man who wants to keep his hands clean for office or other work, is apt to neglect his bike on the score of dirt.

This difficulty is easily overcome by keeping a pair of old gloves for the purpose of cleaning it, or by greasing the hands well before starting, so that dirt and grease are easily washed off together.

SOLDIER SERVANTS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR CHARACTERS, THEIR DUTIES—AND THEIR POWER.

When you join a regiment you find yourself provided with a soldier-servant, a luxury, which, at first, if you are not accustomed to being valeted, is something of an embarrassment.

You are apt to feel a trifle uncomfortable at the sight of a man, who is probably some years older than yourself, putting the studs into your shirt-front, or standing ready to pull off your boots.

You feel, too, for the first day or so, that you are undergoing a searching, if mute cross-examination at the hands of your soldier-servant; that he is studying your points good and bad, and that he is deciding in his own mind how he is going to treat you and how you are to treat him.

Afterwards you get accustomed to him, and you wonder how on earth you ever managed to exist without him, and when you leave the Service one of your greatest trials is the loss of your soldier-servant, unless, haply, you are in a position to retain him in your private employ.

What are the soldier servant's duties? Well, of course, he has to look after your wardrobe, military and civilian, shine your boots, heat the water for your tub (unless you are one of the Spartan brigade), keep your quarters clean and tidy, act as messenger and do all manner of odd jobs.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

But he is also to a great extent your guardian. It is his business to see that you are in time for parades, that you do not miss any duty for which you have been detailed in orders—you ought to read the order book, but sometimes you forget—and, generally speaking, he has to be alive to anything affecting your interests or career.

Further, to the young officer the soldier-servant, especially when he is an oldish man, is often guide, philosopher and friend.

He gives him "tips" about his behaviour in mess and on parades, puts him up to wrinkles in the art of commanding men, tells him delicately when he is making a fool of himself, and guides his steps along the often difficult path of early life in the Army.

The real power behind the company officer's throne is not infrequently his servant, and he rarely betrays the trust reposed in him.

It is possible, however, to leave too much to your soldier-servant.

A SLACKER'S DOWNFALL.

One of the small banes of the company officer's life is that every night he has to sign a great many documents, returns, passes, and so on.

A very slack officer in my corps got tired of this clerical work, and hit upon the ingenious plan of having a facsimile rubber stamp made of his signature. With this he used to sign the papers, and thus he saved himself a lot of clerical labour.

He was really an awful slacker, and grew tired even of the trouble of stamping his name, and eventually he left the job of doing so to his soldier-servant.

For six months the small imposture went undiscovered, and then one night the servant, having stayed too long in the canteen, stamped the documents as usual, but unfortunately he did so with the signature upside-down. Next morning when they were inspected at orderly room, the fat was in the fire.

The officer got the father and mother of a wiggling, his leave was stopped for a year, and



moreover the authorities had dug out every document he had signed, or rather the not signed, since the introduction of the stamp, and he had to sign them all over again, a task which took him the best part of a week.

A man who becomes a soldier-servant practically renounces all chances of promotion, but nevertheless the billet is eagerly sought after, and is only given to men of good character, both as men and as soldiers; that is, a bad drill, or a third class shot is not allowed to become a soldier-servant. Further, if while acting as a servant he falls back into the third-class at musketry, he loses his post—"reverts to duty" is the term.

The extra pay the soldier-servant receives is not perhaps very lavish. Ten shillings a month is the official wage his master must pay him, although, he can, of course, give him as much more as he likes. When I mention ten shillings, I am speaking of the infantry; the cavalry soldier-servant gets a little more.

HIS GREATEST PRIVILEGE.

But if the wages are modest, the soldier-servant has many privileges. Perhaps the one he prizes most dearly is that of wearing much which his master is bound to provide for him.

On an average he would be given two suits a year, with a reasonable supply of linen and so forth.

This is in addition to the livery for waiting in mess, which his master has also to provide; so it will be seen that the cost of a soldier-servant does not end with his wages.

Then the soldier-servant escapes a great many parades and other irksome duties. He has his own "kitchen"—not that he does any cooking—where he can make himself comfortable and spend his leisure hours.

He is often sent into the town on errands, and his master will very likely take him with him on sporting expeditions.

SEEING LIFE.

Altogether, if his master is a bit of a goer he will see lots of life and have a merry time generally, while if he is a smart man he will very possibly follow his master into civilian life as butler or valet.

The ex-soldier servant is usually a treasure to be snapped up whenever possible by the household worried to death by the incompetence and vagaries of Mary Jane—I beg pardon, I should have said Ermytrude Daphne.

True, when pay or pension day comes round that evening; but, taking him all round, the soldier-servant's cleanliness, tidiness, promptness and willing obedience, cheerfulness, manliness, and, last but certainly not least, his unfailing and whole-hearted devotion to your interests—make him even more than an ideal servant—they make him a valued friend. "CHINSTRAP."

JUST A REMINDER.

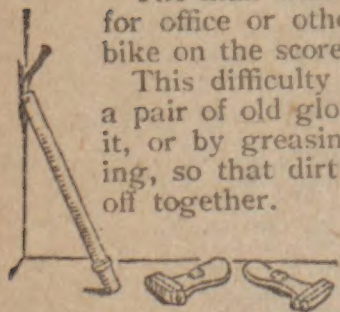
Don't forget the advantages offered to you in our Readers' Sale and Exchange columns.

You have lots of things to sell that would bring you in a useful sum.

Look them out and advertise them in the pages we have set apart for your benefit.

It won't take you long, and it will pay you.

Full particulars are to be found on page 3 of the cover.



EMOTION.

WHY SHOULD WE HIDE IT?

One of the Englishman's strongest traits is his deep-rooted dislike of showing emotion. Perhaps, in speaking thus one should use the past rather than the present tense, for certainly "Mafeking night," and the extraordinary scenes which followed the acquittals of Wood, accused of the Camden Town murder, and of Mr. Robert Sievier, when he was tried for blackmailing Mr. J. B. Joel, revealed in us a capacity for "emotion," which in the opinion of many passed all bounds of decency and sense.

In other directions, too, the populace have of late years shown themselves not only sentimental, but maudlin.

The average Englishman, however, still clings to the idea that it is bad form to show his feelings.

Well, there is something to be said for this view. To meet misfortune with stoicism, to keep a stiff upper lip when hard pressed is the sign of a man. Nobody likes to hear a man squeal or see him flinch under punishment.

We admire the man who, when he is knocked down, comes up smiling for the next round.

Then to betray wonder or surprise in unaccustomed surroundings is usually the mark of an under-bred man.

Take a high class savage like the Zulu, and show him from his native land to London, whether you would extort a single exclamation or ejaculation of surprise from him. He would consider it beneath his dignity to betray any such emotion.

It is one thing, however, to repress an ignoble feeling such as fear, pain, boorish wonder; it is quite another thing to choke down worthy and noble emotion. And the latter is just what the Englishman is so fond of doing.

He is apt to be cynically scornful of things that are worthy of reverence; "not half bad" is immense praise from him; he will greet a dear friend whom he has not seen for years, with a brief handshake, possibly even with a curt nod.

He is mortally afraid of anything in the nature of a "scene"; warmth he stigmatises as "gush"; he recognises, or pretends to recognise no difference between sentiment and sentimentality—and the one is as gold to pewter; it is almost impossible to get him to admit that he has a heart.

Yet he has a heart, a sound, sterling heart, but he would give it a little more freedom. Quite probably it deceives nobody; we see the real living man beneath the icy exterior, and recognise his true worth. There is, however, a difference between a second nature and more.

The youngster who is ashamed to kiss his mother or his sweetheart in the street is often a bit of a boaster. After all, it is an honour to be kissed by a good woman, and the man who is afraid of the smiles of the "superior" on such an occasion has got a yellow streak in him somewhere.

There is a difference, you must remember, between "spooring" in public and showing natural and creditable affection.

Constant repression of natural emotion will not only hurt you morally and mentally by eventually drying up your heart and brain, but it will probably injure you physically.

The man who lives long is the man who laughs heartily, whose anger is like a summer storm, who gives free but not immoderate expression to his feelings.

To repress legitimate anger is to choke and to repress your whole body.

It is quite possible to be hearty without boisterousness, to be warm without being effusive, to be appreciative without gushing, to be natural without abating a jot of dignity or manliness.

OLIVER STOKES.



THE GREAT AND THE CLEVER.

The great man's horse had cast a shoe, and the great man said things to himself that he would not have liked to have said to anybody else.

The delay might mean that he would be late for dinner and that everything would be overcooked, so he pulled out his watch just to make sure before he started saying more things to himself; but his gold repeater had stopped. Minor disasters travel in pairs for the sake of company.

He walked his horse on the grass by the roadside till he came to a village smithy. The muscles on the brawny arms of the smith were like to diminish for want of a job, and he eyed the stranger with some satisfaction and wondered how much it would be safe to charge, but the great man settled this point by stipulating a bob.

The smith got his chance, however, when the great man asked him the time.

The smith turned completely round once, spat regally on the tip of a broad and sinewy finger and made a mark on the place which would have been the horse's instep if he had had one.

"Ten to seven," said the smith.

And thus was the curiosity of the great man aroused.

Clever as he was he could not have told the time from a horse's hoof, even if he had turned round once and spat on his finger; and so at length, requests for an explanation proving futile, he offered the smith half-a-crown to disclose the secret.

"Come in here," said the smith. "Now lookee through that there door and you'll see the clock on our parlour mantelpiece."

And, as the stranger departed lighter by 3s. 6d., the smith drew his hand across his brow and sent the drops of sweat fizzling into the forge.

THE CAT-KILLER.

He was a young man, the extent of whose athletic prowess was to wear sporting togs and walk about with a dog.

One day a dealer called at his house, saw him and offered him a natty little fox-terrier.

"But I've got a dog," said the young man.

"Ah, but not a dorg like this 'ere," said the dealer with professional enthusiasm. "This little dorg is the dorg for a sportsman. He'll soon clear the neighbourhood of cats. There's not a cat breathin' that he can't overtake."

This qualification appealed strongly to the young man. It would be so dashing to have such a sporting dog, what? So he took the fox-terrier and gave the man a sovereign and his own dog. Stiffish price, with no pedigree, but think of the new acquisition's talents!

That night the young man set forth on the war-path. Hardly had he gone a hundred yards when the terrier drew a fine black cat from a doorway and set off down the road after it. A mile farther on the young man met a policeman.

"Constable," he said, "have you seen a cat and a dog pass this way?"

"Yes," said Robert. "It was a good race, but I should think the cat's got the dog by this time."

THE ORDER OF THE COUGH-DROP.

THIRD AWARD.

Air! Air! Give him Air! (No, this it *not* an advertisement of Thatcho). He has fainted? Of course he has. So would you, if you had just learned that you were about to be appointed a member of the

MOST ELEVATED AND AERATED ORDER
of the
COUGH-DROP.

(MOTTO: It's Cheek That Does It.)

Whereas, being nothing if not a Modern Flying Man, be it known that We have this week appointed and installed as CHIEF NAIKAGATOR and HEREDITARY FLY-CATCHER (though there are no flies on him) to the aforesaid Most Elevated and Aerated Order of the Cough-Drop our Transatlantic and Transcendent Cousin:

WILBUR WRIGHT.

(MOTTO: First catch your Air.)

Because:

He has had the cheek to confound the croakers who scoffed at flying machines.

He is a popular aero.

Although a Yankee, he is a modest man.

He has succeeded in convincing our War Office that you can't build an aeroplane for nix.

He considers £40 a year enough to live on. Yet air will probably make him a million-aire.

Although sedate, he is a flighty fellow.

He couldn't be wrong if he tried, because he's always Wright.

He invented the saying,

THERE'S AIR!

THINGS SEEN.

III. THE GIRL IN STAMFORD STREET.

She was playing off the old, old trick, leaning against the railings outside a house in Stamford-Street and sobbing as if her heart would break.

If you knew nothing of this sordid aspect of London life, you might have felt very sorry for the girl, for she was not more than twenty and her figure and the back of her head were prepossessing; her face you could not see, for it was buried in her bended arm.

But no tears came from her eyes, and the sobs that shook her were a little too pronounced and regular to be genuine. Moreover, her dress was cut to show all of her neck and she had a string of gaudy beads round it. Though the night was cold she wore no protecting scarf, for she did not wish to conceal her charms.

She was playing this sobbing game patiently, but the geese whom she meant to decoy failed to make their appearance.

An old lady, on her way to the station, stopped and put her arm around the girl's shoulders.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked in an innocent, motherly way. "You're in trouble. Come in here with me, dearie, and have a cup of tea and tell me all about it."

And then the girl wept in earnest, for the words were the first kind ones she had heard for years.

I do not know what the old lady said to her as they walked along together, but it is certain that before they had been many minutes in conversation she knew just how the case stood.

Women—even old ladies who have lived in the quiet and innocence of the country—can read another woman without very much difficulty.

I waited patiently outside the shop to see what would be the upshot of it all.

It was half-an-hour later when she came out of the tea-shop and bade the old lady good-bye.

The girl's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were bright with a new resolve.

As she walked smartly along the pavement she tore the gaudy beads from her neck and pitched them into an area.

G. BULCRAIG.



POST YOUR PARAGRAPH TODAY.

SHOWING HORSES AND HARNESS.

First give the horse a good grooming. To do this it is not always wise to wash him, as this will most likely make the coat stand the wrong way, and so will spoil the gloss, likewise your chance of winning a first prize.

If you take a damp wisp, rub the hair well the wrong way and beat it with the hand, you will get a good glossy coat, which will not turn dull with standing out.

You must not be able to find a speck of dust when you rub the horse down with a white cloth.

Then take the harness, steep it in castor oil, and let it dry. Next you must put on a good shine with boot polish.

Take a good composition and brush well into the leather, and finish off with chamois leather. You will thus get a polish that will withstand the wet, if it happens to rain while you are in the field.

Try to undo all straps before starting away for the show, to see that they are pliable, and if they are stiff, rub a little castor oil on the inside, so that it will not spoil the polish. If the straps are not soft and pliable, it will spoil all chance of a prize.

STARVING ONESELF.

It is poor policy to cut off the necessities of life in order to get the luxuries.

Yet this is what many men whose wages are small actually do. If a man wants a little extra pocket money for clothes, tobacco, theatres or the hundred and one little extras that run away with the spare cash so quickly, food is the first thing in which he thinks of economising instead of being the last.

He will cut down the cost of his lunch by a few pence in order to have a shilling or two to spare for his luxuries by the end of the week.

It is better to have a shabby suit and complete health than to have one's luxuries and be unable to enjoy them owing to a half-starved condition.

When well-nourished, and consequently in good health, you can enjoy life even if you are hard up; but you can't enjoy it at all if you have undermined your health by stinting yourself in the matter of food.

BOAT RACE ENTHUSIASM.

The general enthusiasm for the Boat Race is something of a mystery.

True, it is an absolutely sporting contest, against the fair fame of which there has never been a breath of suspicion, but the same may be said of the inter-'Varsity cricket, football, and other meetings in which the public shows nothing like the same interest.

Yet these latter usually give the spectator value for his money, whereas the Boat Race as a spectacle is often woefully disappointing, and the weather is frequently vile, while, unless it is a close thing and you are well placed at the finish, there is really mighty little to be seen.

Nevertheless, they come to the Boat Race, all sorts and conditions of men and women, and, what is of more importance, they enjoy themselves.

And why? Just because every Englishman and every Englishwoman is a sportsman or a sportswoman at least. At the Boat Race they find excitement and a strong sporting interest combined with a pleasurable day's outing. Good luck to them all, and extra good luck to the gallant chaps who are doing their bit towards the credit of their 'Varsity.



THE MEAN MAN.

Meanness is a thing, which is grateful and comforting to its possessor, because it saves him money for a time; but I don't think that his policy is a profitable one in the long run.

The mean man always thinks that he is remarkably clever, and that his subterfuges are unobserved by those with whom he comes in contact.

He deceives himself.

There is nothing that a man spots quicker in another man than a tendency to meanness. It is to be detected in a hundred cases.

Take as a trivial example the matter of standing drinks. If you are drinking with a mean man, the chances are that he postpones ordering, and that yours therefore becomes first call. When you have consumed the drink for which you have paid, the mean man in duty bound has the glass filled afresh. He empties his and waits, or possibly he drops a hint as to the beer being of particularly good quality. Anyhow you order another fill up. When you have finished the third glass the mean man discovers that he has got to catch a train, or that he has drunk all that he can carry.

He has gained his point. He has had two glasses at your expense, while you have had only one at his, and he therefore congratulates himself. He supposes that this pettiness is not observed by his friends, but he is in error, meanness is a thing that a man spots and condemns more stringently than any other vice.

If he can't afford a thing he should do without it. To sponge off somebody else is low down and doesn't pay.

WEARING COLOURS.

Why is it that the average Englishman has such a dislike to wearing colours to which he may be entitled?

I have often noticed, for instance, at the Boat Race, that those who wear the colours of the rival Universities are usually the women and children, who, as often as not, select that colour which seems to them the prettier.

The genuine 'Varsity man very rarely betrays his sympathies by anything but his voice.

The same thing is to be found in many other spheres. The British officer, for instance, will never wear his uniform when he can avoid it, while on the Continent the various uniforms give a dash of colour to the crowds in the street.

I believe that the real cause is the good old British dislike of being labelled. A man wants to be taken on his own merits, and not as a member of some particular university, club, or regiment, and I am not sure that we do not gain in dignity what we lose in gaiety and colour.

Still I must confess that I like to see a man sporting the colours of some athletic or other club, of his membership of which he has reason to be proud, in the form of a tie or straw-hat band.

A GUINEA FOR SOMEONE.

You know something that our other readers would like to know—something fresh, something of interest to men. Make a paragraph of it and send it to us; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 rs. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. W. S. Pierce, 14, Brewer Street, Cockton Hill, Bishop Auckland, Durham, for "Showing Horses and Harness."

METHOD AND COMFORT.

Man in his normal condition is one of the untidiest creatures alive—at least, so his wife and sisters usually think, and I am afraid that in most cases they are right.

But when you have once developed a habit of tidiness, or at least of method, you begin to wonder how you ever got on in the old slipshod way; you seem to get through the things that have to be done—both in business and in the trivial events of life, in half the time.

A stitch in time really saves a great many more than nine. Now that I file all my papers and letters as they come in, instead of throwing them loose upon my desk, or thrusting them into my pocket, I find I have not only plenty of time to deal with them, but a little to spare.

By keeping my clothes carefully put away in separate drawers, and having a regular place for everything, one can save many precious minutes in dressing, while the few seconds occupied in putting them away are not missed.

By keeping the various articles that I carry about with me always in the same pockets, I avoid the necessity for a tour of exploration over the whole of my suit whenever I want any one of them.

I have a den at home, which contains everything that is especially dear to me. It is reached by any means what a woman would call a tidy room, but at any rate there is method in my untidiness, and I know exactly where to find my hands on anything that I want.

It is that that has made me—more or less—a happy and contented man, and so, without any desire to preach, I recommend my fellow-readers to follow my example.

TIPPING WAITERS.

The man who comes from the green fields to the town discovers at the outset of his city career the difficulty of properly tipping waiters.

The safe rule is to give a penny in the shilling or part thereof, but it will generally pay you to go a little beyond this. Supposing your lunch runs you into a sum a few pence over the shilling, you will be perfectly safe in bestowing upon your waiter the honorarium of twopence, but you will be well advised if you give him threepence instead; a penny extra counts for a lot.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Even the most athletic of modern men cannot spend all his leisure out of doors, and he naturally wants to know something of what is going on in the world around him.

Too many are content simply to read sensational reports—not always of the most important occurrences—in the halfpenny daily newspaper.

But the dweller in a town, at least, has a means of acquiring a much more extensive general knowledge at no cost to himself, and in comfortable surroundings, offered to him.

Many a young man, who is not content to remain at home in the evening, when he does not happen to be engaged in any particular form of sport or recreation, will never think of entering a public library or reading room.

Yet here he might find ready to his hand all the best newspapers and magazines, and the most comfortable means of whiling away an hour or so of leisure—quite apart from the fact that it will be well and profitably spent.

A man cannot hope to do much good in business, or in any of the higher professions, unless he has read more than a little.

It is not necessary to read "improving" books; they often do more harm than good. But there are few books or papers written in good English and by a sound and upright author, from which some good cannot be derived.

And this want the public library—the poor man's club—supplies by lending books for home, and giving every opportunity for the reading of the newspapers.

Moreover, a good library contains works of reference which will point the way out of many a difficulty, if only one remembers at the right time that the information may be found there.

WHOLLY IMAGINATIVE SKETCH.

By SIGISMUND SMITH.

"I wish to goodness there wasn't a woman in the world." Geoffrey Delane was in a very bad temper with things in general and the feminine sex in particular.

The boarding-house servant had called him late in the morning; his breakfast had been ill-cooked, and on his venturing to remonstrate with his landlady she had pointedly reminded him that he was behind with his rent, and intimated that if he were not satisfied he could betake himself elsewhere.

On his way home from Victoria-Street—where he was employed by a firm of engineers—he had got entangled with a Suffragette demonstration, and one enthusiastic Suffragette, mistaking the colours of the cricket club necktie he wore for those of the "cause," had flung her arms round him and kissed him.

Had she been young and pretty, Geoffrey would not have minded, but she was neither, and moreover her osculation had led to his nearly being arrested as a Suffragette in trousers.

But what caused his cup of bitterness against the other sex fairly to overflow was the letter which he had found awaiting him on his return, and which he was now reading for the tenth time.

It was from his fiancée, Hilda Coventry. Miss Coventry was a peculiar girl, possessed of peculiar powers. She dabbled in esoteric science, and more particularly in mesmerism and hypnotism, in both of which she had remarkable powers.

Geoffrey hated all that sort of thing, stigmatising it as bosh. He had always steadfastly refused to allow his fiancée to experiment with him and had often vainly besought her to give up her "black art."

Only the previous evening the subject had cropped up once more between them, and they had had something very like a quarrel, Geoffrey maintaining that mesmerism was pernicious nonsense, Hilda sticking to her guns that it was a most important science, from which great results might be expected before long.

And now she had written to say that on reflection she felt that they were quite out of sympathy with one another and that it would be better for both their sakes to break off the engagement.

Geoffrey had not anticipated this; he had been angry with her, but he had thought it was merely a passing breeze; at heart he loved her very dearly, and had imagined his affection was fully returned. But now was the end of all things.

He pushed away his scarcely touched plate, and stared gloomily at the ceiling. He was tired, worried, dejected. His vitality was at its lowest ebb.

Throwing himself into the armchair beside the fire, he once again voiced his thoughts and said bitterly: "I wish to goodness I was on a desert island where there wasn't a girl about."

Absorbed in his own reflections, he did not hear the door gently open, did not hear something tiptoe up behind his chair. And then something bright and twirling shone before his eyes, a soft hand passed across his brow, and almost without a struggle he became unconscious.

* * * * *

When Geoffrey awoke he was lying in bed in a strange house, furnished after the manner of a modern suburban villa. He rang the bell, but nobody came.

He got up, and, finding his clothes, dressed, and went downstairs.

The house was empty and strange; yet his surroundings seemed to have something familiar about them.

The house might have come from Tooting or Brondesbury—indeed, it was just such a little dwelling as he and Hilda had planned to live in—but apparently he and it had been taken and dumped down on a desert island set in an

MAN WITHOUT WOMAN



illimitable ocean of the most brilliant blue.

Yes, there was no doubt about it; in some extraordinary manner he had been transplanted to a desert island. He went outside and halloed, but none answered. It seemed as if he were the only inhabitant.

Then suddenly he realised that his wish had been granted—he had been taken to a world, or a part of the world where there were no women.

Good, he thought to himself, for his resentment against the feminine sex still burned, but at the same time he felt that the genie, or whoever had done this, might have given him some male companions. He had no wish to be a hermit.

Possibly, however, an exploration of the islet might bring some human beings to light; in the meantime he was uncommonly hungry. He looked at his watch—half-past eight—his usual breakfast hour, no wonder his inner man complained loudly.

He went into the house, found a well-stocked larder and a well-appointed kitchen, and set about preparing breakfast.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he did not know very much about it; he had always taken the provision of his breakfast as a matter of course, and now it was borne in upon him for the first time that it was to woman that he looked for his breakfast.

He was not going to be beaten by a simple meal like breakfast, however. Boiled eggs, toast and tea—these would do very well.

But how the devil did one boil an egg? he was obliged to ask himself. Put it in a saucepan of water and let it boil, he supposed, but for how long?

So far as he remembered, when he had ordered a boiled egg at his lodgings they had taken about half-an-hour to bring it. He decided to give the eggs thirty minutes.

Then he suddenly realised that the fire was not lit; it was not even laid. He set to work to lay it.

At the end of twenty minutes he was covered with soot and smuts, had a painful crick in his back, and two burnt fingers, and the fire was not.

He dimly remembered having seen lumps of sugar and candle ends used to coax a reluctant fire into flame, and with the aid of about a pound of sugar and a couple of pounds of candles, he at last succeeded in getting the fire to go and set the eggs a-boiling.

Then he toasted the bread, and incidentally himself. The fire had now become a roaring furnace, and it was impossible to hold the toast in front of it for more than a second or two at a time.

However, at last the half-an-hour was up, and he removed the pot containing the eggs, again burning his hand as the handle was now almost red-hot.

Then it struck him that he had not yet made the tea.

How much tea did one put in the tea-pot?—

he'd be hanged if he knew; but he put in a couple of handfuls and chanced it, and set the kettle boiling.

He now attacked the eggs, and tried to lift them out of the pot, only to spring back with a yell as the boiling water met his fingers. He strained off the water, and ladled the eggs on to the table, whence they promptly rolled to the floor. But they did not break. They were harder than any brick.

Fairly famished he bit into one, and broke a front tooth.

However, there was the toast. Yes, there was the toast, sodden where it wasn't burnt to a cinder.

He made up on bread and butter. A cup of tea, anyway, would do him good. He had already poured in the water, and now he poured out the tea—an inky tepid fluid which tasted like the day before yesterday's and was also horribly bitter, for he had taken the kettle off before it had come to the boil.

Geoffrey lit a pipe and looked at his watch. It was now a quarter to ten. He wondered how long they took to prepare his breakfast at his lodgings, and found himself wishing that the smutty-faced Selina were there to wait on him.

But no, dash it all, he could manage without women; it was only because things were a little strange at first. He would go for a walk and view his domain.

As he had suspected, he was the only inhabitant. It was a charming spot, well-wooded and watered, and stocked with game. Geoffrey felt that this was a sportsman's paradise and the depression consequent on his breakfast began to vanish.

Presently a wild boar came out and looked at him. Geoffrey had no gun with him; but he was a plucky chap, and he threw a stone at the animal. The boar charged; Geoffrey dodged, but he was not quick enough, and he found himself in a cactus hedge.

He got out of the hedge on the other side from the boar. His clothes were badly torn; in fact, the seat of his trousers flapped about his knees.

Geoffrey was a modest man; even if he were the only occupant of the island he felt he could not go about like this—he had already discovered that he had only the clothes he stood up in—besides there was a touch of sharpness in the air.

He returned to the house, found sewing materials, and set about repairing his tattered garments.

At the end of an hour and a quarter Geoffrey reckoned he had lost at least a quart of blood, and was probably doomed to lockjaw. He had also sat on the needle once and the scissors, point upwards, twice, and his trousers were still more holy than righteous. In the end he found a piece of sacking, and threaded it on to his trousers with string.

It occurred to him that that day when he had fallen off his bicycle and torn his knickerbockers, a woman at a neighbouring cottage had stitched up the rent in five minutes.

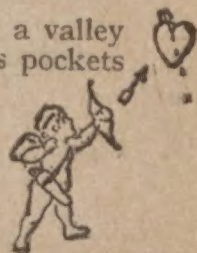
Great Scott, he suddenly thought, how about lunch? Geoffrey liked a hot lunch, but, as it was clearly too late for that, he had to be content with some cold corned beef he found in the larder. He thought regretfully of the snug little restaurant in Victoria Street and the smiling waitresses who anticipated every want.

To compensate for the disappointing mid-day meal, he would make sure of dinner. In the larder he found a leg of mutton, which he contemplated long and earnestly. How the devil did one cook it? He liked roast mutton, and he caught himself wishing there was a woman there to cook it for him.

The fire had gone out, but with infinite labour he rekindled it, and rigged up the mutton in front of it by a string suspended from the ceiling.

He didn't know how long it would take—several hours, he thought—but he would come back and have a look at it presently.

He went for a walk and came upon a valley filled with diamonds. He crammed his pockets



with them and then emptied them again. What use were diamonds to a man unless he had a girl to wear them?

Presently, tired out with his explorations, he sat down under a tree and went to sleep. He woke with a start, remembered the mutton and rushed back to the house.

Too late! Where the mutton wasn't raw, it was burnt. Moreover, the string had burned through, the mutton had fallen on the floor, and a dog or some animal had come in and gnawed it.

"Oh, damn it all," cried Geoffrey, "I wish there was a woman here just to look after things! If I go out I lose my dinner, and it's not a man's work to stick at home and cook."

He made an unsatisfactory dinner off bread and cheese, and then he sat outside and smoked.

As he smoked and meditated upon the astonishing position in which he found himself, all the animals came out of the woods and walked past him in procession.

Geoffrey noticed that they were all in couples. There were Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit, and Mr. and Mrs. Lion. Every animal had its mate.

"Hullo," he remarked to Mr. Rabbit, "I see you are all married."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Rabbit, "we couldn't live otherwise. The rabbit world would come to an end if there were no Mrs. Rabbits. It's women that make the world go round," and he hopped off with Mrs. Rabbit clinging affectionately to his tail.

And then a great sense of isolation fell upon Geoffrey; he alone in the island had no mate. The scales were lifted from his eyes.

"Oh, you," he cried, "who put me here, whoever you may be, take me back to a world where there are women! They may tease, vex, and annoy us, but man without woman is a ship without a rudder, a lost thing, an offence against Nature. Oh, take me back, take me back! I cannot live in a world where there are no women. I will ask Hilda to forgive me, I—"

"And forgiven you are, sir! It is I who should ask forgiveness," said a sweet, well-known voice in his ear.

The womanless island was gone. Geoffrey was back in his London lodgings, and Hilda was bending over him:

"Oh, forgive me, Geoff, darling," she said. "I came to say I was sorry, to ask you to burn and forget my horrid letter. As I entered I heard you say you wished there was not a woman in the world. I couldn't resist hypnotising you—it was easy; you were so tired—and giving you a glimpse of man without woman."

BAGS.

The average man wants a handbag for carrying his sporting togs to and from his club-house, and for the few necessities that he takes with him when he goes for week-ends.

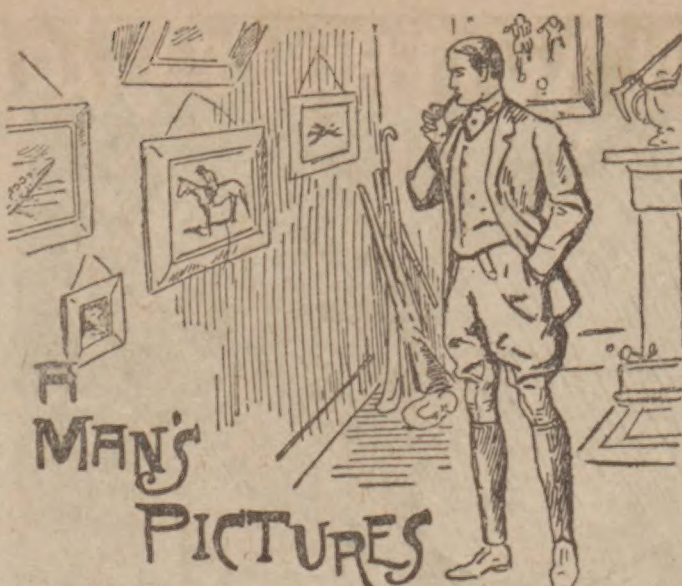
He will be wise to buy one of good quality at the outset. Half-a-guinea is not too much to pay for a small solid leather handbag, and such a bag will last for years.

Those made of imitation leather should be avoided, as they crack up in a short time. They are not so very cheap even to start with, for they cost about half the price of a good bag and do not last a tenth of the time.

Besides the handbag, you should endeavour to acquire a fairly big kit bag, large enough to take a spare suit and a few shirts when you go for your holidays, but not so big that it cannot be easily carried as otherwise you will run up a heavy bill for cab fares.

The cost of a good kit bag is toughish, but you can not infrequently engineer matters so that the prize you have won for athletics shall take this form.

These two, a large and a small, are really necessary to your comfort and you should set about acquiring them now that you are scheming that still-distant summer holiday.



THEIR SELECTION IS WORTH SOME CARE.

There is nothing amongst a man's possessions from which his character is so easily discovered as his pictures—except perhaps his books.

It is worth while, therefore, to take some care in the choosing and framing of them, and not merely to hang up anything that happens to come along.

The thing that comes along most often is the coloured print—it may be a supplement given away with some magazine, or even an advertisement; it is hurried into a cheap frame, and up it goes on the wall.

Of course there are colour prints and colour prints, and it is useful to be able to discriminate between those which are of some artistic value, and those which will stamp a room as being inhabited by a person of no taste.

There are modern colour reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings which it is difficult to tell from the originals, and which make splendid wall-decorations.

Then again there are old-fashioned prints both coloured, often by hand, and in black and white. There can be nothing more suitable for a man's room than a few old sporting prints.

These can be picked up, often for a few pence, in curiosity shops and from print dealers, and though the price of some may run into enormous amounts, there are several series of which odd prints may be secured at a very moderate cost.

A great deal depends on the suitable framing of a picture, and it should be remembered that the frame is not there merely to protect the picture and keep it clean, but to set it off from the wall. Hence it is well to go to a good picture framer and take his advice, until you have enough experience to devise some original ideas of your own.

If you can't afford a good frame for all your pictures you can make an excellent temporary substitute yourself.

For a few pence you can get a piece of glass cut to the size of the picture, which should be placed between this and a piece of stout cardboard. Then the edges may be bound neatly with stout brown, black, or coloured paper.

When buying reproductions—that is to say anything that is not an original painting or drawing—it is far best at first to content yourself with reproductions of famous pictures, either modern ones or "old masters." Get something that appeals to you, not merely something that is the correct thing to have, and then by constantly living with it you will gradually realise why it appeals to you.

Photographs will naturally take an important place among the man's pictures, photos of the scene of a summer holiday, and so on—they will all serve to conjure up pleasant memories and will repay a dozen times over the cost of having them framed.

Finally, if you have friends or relations who can paint well in oils or water-colours, cultivate their acquaintance, but be very sure that they paint well. They may present you with a daub which you will feel bound to hang, but which your critical friends will ascribe to your own bad taste.

ALAN HAMER.

THE RED-HAIRED MAN.

AN APPRECIATION.

I was at a football match the other day, in which one of the players taking part had red hair, and from first to last the crowd concentrated their facetious attention on "Ginger."

His trials brought to mind the fact that a club for red-haired girls is now being formed in London. I should not like to see a similar club formed for red-haired men, for the simple reason that I believe a red-haired league would wipe the earth, and not being red-haired, should be among the wiped. I merely wish to call attention to the fact that the much laughed-at red-haired man has as a rule great qualities besides his ability to take chaff well.

To begin with, he is brave. "Ginger for pluck" is a well-known and true saying, and I cannot recall any instance historical or within my own experience of a red-haired man is generally to be found in the van, be it of battle, athletics, or any other form of strife. His head is an oriflamme, inspiring the strong, rallying the weak.

Then the red-haired man is a full-blooded man, a hearty, genial fellow, that is, unless sometimes regrettably happens, his nature is warm and open disposition has been secured by the undeserved ridicule heaped upon him. As a rule, however, he radiates a glorious vitality and a sunny, virile nature.

That brings us to the next point, which is that the red-haired man is a healthy man. Of course, there may be exceptions, but these merely serve to emphasise the rule that the red-haired man is strong and healthy, and therefore manly and good to look upon. He has generally abundant, even super-abundant vitality, and that is a pleasant thing to encounter.

Whether the red-haired man is highly intellectual or not, I am not prepared to say, but most of him are very much alive and susceptible to the highest forms of art. Music, painting, poetry, the drama find their warmest adherents and sometimes their finest exponents among red-haired men.

Women like the red-haired man, for he makes an adorable lover, passionate, chivalrous, generous, masterful, everything that a woman most admires in a man. Usually, too, he makes an excellent husband and father, having high ideals of duty and conduct, and the energy and determination to realise them, but at the same time he requires delicate handling.

The red-haired man has great qualities, but he is not a paragon—he would not be the lovable man he is, if he were.

He has his defects, though for the most part they are manly weaknesses. He is hot-tempered to a degree, sometimes even violent. He is readier with a blow than a word; when the fiery blood—of which his hair is the outward and visible sign—runs riot in his veins, he does not stop to think; he acts, and if you are a prudent man you shin up the nearest tree, or dive into the nearest hole until the human tornado has passed.

He is apt, too, to be almost insanely jealous, while he is mighty prone to take offence. Mention of this latter failing adduces another—the red-haired man is extremely sensitive, and most womanly so.

Probably this is due partly to natural causes; red-haired people are usually highly strung; but it is due also to the chaff and ridicule of which he is made the subject.

He never seems to get hardened against being called "Ginger," and "Carrots"; instead of becoming pachydermatous he seems to grow more and more self-conscious and sensitive as the years roll by.

But he is a great boy all the same, the red-haired man. He never stagnates or vegetates; there is nothing mean or paltry about him. He may be a great sinner or a great hero, but he is good or for ill he lives every moment of his life.

And so many black, brown, or yellow-haired men never live at all.

G. BARTLETT.



A Night with the Terriers



A SKETCH.

BY JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

...the Powers-that-Be had ordained the Territorial Regiment of a far-off county, which I will misname Midshire, should offer a great natural facility for a camp-ground, and here many regiments encamp daily, combining instruction with amusement. The evening amusement on the Britannia Pier, where a small battle raged—three old friends in the Midshire Yeomanry. Their uniform had made them conspicuous, but when they had brushed off as much of the dirt as they could, they were crammed down to the nearest hotel, and stood me an evening supper, conversing the while in terms of civility to me—not then a Terrier.

AN UNWILLING GUEST. It might have been the bottled beer—no self-respecting young man should habitually drink spirits for his liver's sake—or possibly it could have been a strange land, but this is the mine sprung upon me: "This has been the evening of my life," said one of them, "and I swear I'll pray for Mr. Madane to-night. My boy, as a fitting finish, you turn in with us in the Casual's tent down at the Camp." "Thanks," I said, "but I have a comfortable bed at home, and a landlady who is polite at once a week." "Bed? Pooh! Why should you bury your curly head in soft pillows while we— No, not on my account! You buy a dozen of Worthington and see life! Garçon!"—this to the waiter—"call up a cab!" Corporals Gale and Paulet, two muscular men, held me in the ignominious "frog's march" position. There was no alternative. I ordered the Worthington, and consented to "see life."

THE WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY. Little Trooper Ready, a private, stood by the door of the open tent (in public) with the Midshires. The cabby whipped up, and our conveyance turned round by the Queen's Hotel into the Margate-like Regent-Road, brilliantly lighted and thronged with holiday-makers. It was in some warm night. Friends' uniforms—and the giddy Paulet shouted the offer of a seat in the cab. I immediately sought to efface myself, as one who has the shreds of a reputation to keep up in his own town. By my side the diminutive but smart Ready was visibly enjoying it all. We were out of the glaring life of Regent-Road, into the Nelson-Road, which leads, northwards, to the Denes. Then—I knew it was

coming—they burst into song.

"It's a way we have in the Army, And it's a mighty good way, too!"

"Lady Madcap," running at the theatre that week, had not been without its "Military Night." They roared the chorus out fortissimo. Some would have called it unseemly, but it was only youth and vigour playing hard after working hard all day.

We passed the last straggling line of houses and "our man Ready" produced the beer from under the seat. He handed me a bottle.

"Haven't you got a glass?" I asked, when Providence had seen to it that the cabby should supply a combination knife and corkscrew.

"Glass!" exclaimed Paulet. "Hanged if you civilians aren't luxurious dogs. Glass!"

To drink beer out of a bottle is an art in itself. You either absorb the gas *in toto*, or empty half the liquid over your collar. But "it's a way they have in the Army."

We had turned off the narrow road into a soft, uneven, sandy track that led to the main entrance of the lines. Our cab, jolting heavily over the bumpy ground, threatened on occasion to break in two. Before us were the tents, stuck up like big white cones against the dark, star-gemmed sky. A breeze was blowing very softly from the West.

PASSING THE GUARD.

I was wondering how they were going to get me into the lines, when suddenly I found myself lowered roughly into the well of the cab. Its occupants put their legs on the seats opposite completely covering—and almost killing—me.

A youngster on guard pulled us up smartly.

Gale remembered the password after searching his brain for some seconds.

"My orders," said the sentry, "are to inspect all cabs. I believe you've got something there, too."

"Bottles—that's all," said Ready, "merely bottles—with beer in them."

"I want to see them."

"Dash it, youngster!" Gale exclaimed angrily. "I made you a blinkin' soldier myself!"

"Can't help it, Gale. My orders are—"

"Here, have a bottle of beer and dry up. Whip up, cabby—up this line. Can't mistake our tent, the post-box is just in front of it."

"THE CASUAL WARD."

I was released from durance vile. We pulled up before a tent marked "The Casual Ward" in big white-chalk letters. A beam of light streaming through the flap stabbed the darkness.

I stumbled over a rope and blundered inside. I was in "A Territorial's Home."

* * * * *

Two other men greeted me heartily, and fell to work on the beer. The tent was supposed to hold six, so that I could have the spare mattress.

A feeble light from a patent lamp, hanging to the tent pole, threw distorted shadows on the canvas around. The beds radiated, like the spokes of a cart wheel, from the pole in the centre, which was used for many purposes. Here a little shelf, crazily rigged up, held the shaving tackle, and the jagged piece of looking glass was presumably an aid to the toilet.

Everyone, however, seemed supremely happy, their faces freckled and tanned by the sun and the keen salt air.

A big tin of tobacco was pulled out of the common store, and Ready the indefatigable filled my pipe, while another hastened to light a match for me.

We smoked and talked to the accompaniment of the sea murmuring incessantly far over the sand hills that screened the encampment.

There is something about the rough and ready companionship of camping with the Territorials which cannot be equalled by the most lavish

hospitality. Nothing else can give that precise touch of bonhomie which is born of taking pot-luck from the same mess-tins, and you learn more of your fellows in a fortnight's camp than a year's town association will teach you. I could see all this, and more, reflected in the faces and actions of my hosts.

The occupants of a tent near by tried to harmonise "Good-bye, Dolly Grey," and failed miserably, though a banjoist was doing his level best to keep them in the key.

The row was unbearable. It was Paulet, official pianist at all the corps' smokers, who stuck his head out of our flap, and yelled loud and clearly:

"Can't you shut up, you blighters, and let us go to sleep?"

LAST POST.

Speech is plain and unfettered at camp. Paulet added several bewildering adjectives and the "harmony" subsided amid laughter.

Somewhere in the void the bugles sounded the "Last Post," and the hum of conversation, buzzing in the dark around us, quieted down slightly. Gale flung me a pair of old flannel trousers to sleep in, and, with much unwinding of puttees, my friends proceeded to undress.

Now, to sleep on a straw-stuffed Government mattress between a pair of brown rough blankets is distinctly an acquired habit. I found that to keep one's head on the "pillows" is, in addition, an acrobatic act. Ready had put out the light on the "command" from Corporal Paulet. Now there was nothing but the rays of the waning moon filtering through the half-closed flap, and five huddled forms around me breathed heavily.

A rough and tumble seemed to be going on in the rowdy tent near by, but it was stopped suddenly by someone in authority. The five slept through it all stolidly. Then a late bird stumbled over several tent ropes.

"That must be Jim," said someone in a tent well beyond us. "S'pose I shall have to go out and rescue him."

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

I heard sounds suggestive of the fact that "Jim" had been captured and taken to his habitation.

"There you are, then," said another voice sarcastically. "Sober, as usual! Where have you been? My word, you *do* look a credit to the Regiment, I don't think!"

Jim did not waste many words in explanation, and did not seem to recollect where he had been very clearly. There were a few discontented mutterings from Jim's friends. Then silence fell on the camp.

I sought repose in vain. In the distance I could hear the sea hissing and squelching over the pebbles, murmuring little confidences to me, half-told tales of the time Sir Francis Drake swept the seas, and how the Norfolk-born Nelson had ruled the waves, vice Britannia. Now our ironclads policed the Seven Seas, and got no thanks for it.

I suppose I slept—England laid mapped out in relief at my feet. Fringed and dotted along its cliffs from Berwick to the Lizard were armed companies of men—and I knew these were the Territorials-as-they-Might-Be. "Ready—aye, ready!" I shouted.

REVEILLE.

"What the devil are you dreaming about?" asked "our man Ready." "Reveille sounded five minutes ago!"

The clank of buckets resounded in the lines, and a rifle fell with a crash from the tent-pole as I stretched my legs.

The sun was pouring into the tent, and outside, stirring and whistling young life was going to wash itself. The bugles sounded again:

"Come to the cook-house door, boys!"

"Come to the cook-house door."

"There goes our 'Cook-house,'" said Gale. "Extra supply of coffee this morning, Ready. Our friend here, who, presumably, has made an early call on us, is stayin' to breakfast. Savvy?"

"Abso-bally-lutely," said "our man Ready."



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

IV. THE TAILOR'S.

One's first visit to the tailor's is something of an ordeal. I mean, of course, one's first visit as a full-fledged customer when schooldays are over, and pater or mater no longer dictates what one is to wear.

Probably you have been recommended to this particular tailor by father, brother, or friend, and you march in trying to look as if you were in the habit of ordering clothes every day of your life.

Snip is deferential; he takes you all in; your youth, your inexperience, your callowness, but he tactfully treats you as a middle-aged man of the world. And then the little comedy begins.

Roll after roll of cloth is displayed before you, and you are invited to choose, a bewildering experience.

You can scarcely realise that it is your taste, your judgment that is being consulted, your word that is law. At least nominally so, for Snip has seen that you are worth dressing, has decided how you should be dressed, and, like a conjurer palming cards on his audience, he imperceptibly makes you take what he wants you to have.

"Single-breasted waistcoat, of course, sir?" he asks. That, "of course," settles it. You had rather thought of having a double-breasted waistcoat, but you feel now that to ask for such an article would be to outrage Snip's tenderest feelings, and to proclaim yourself a mere country cousin.

TAKING YOUR MEASURE.

Then comes the measuring, a solemn performance, during which you are glad you have gone in for physical culture, and secretly hope that the other men lounging about will hear Snip's call of: "Chest! Forty-one—and a-quarter." May many years roll before your waist is also in the forties! And these other men, you have time to take stock of them before you leave.

How you envy that young exquisite who is laying down the law to Snip's partner! How you wish you had his self-possession and easy insolence!

A red-faced military gentleman bounces in, and more or less literally demands Snip's head on a charger.

That pair of trousers he had ordered for the wedding don't fit. Fit! Damme, sir, he couldn't get 'em on with a shoe-horn. What the sulphurous fumes, etc., etc. Snip apologises, promises amendment and smiles quietly to himself. The major's waist has developed with advancing years, but he will have everything made to the measure of his subaltern days.

HOPELESS.

A big, rough-hewn man comes in hurriedly. "Hi, Snip!" he bellows. "Want a couple of suits. Oh, anything will do. Leave it to you," and is off. He is one of the despairs of Snip's life. When he can be persuaded to try on, which is seldom, he stands like a dromedary afflicted with the staggers, and protests against anything approaching a fit as suffocating.

Here is another of Snip's enemies. A man who will not take Snip's advice, but dresses according to his own ideas, which are horrible. He is a short, podgy person, and his idea of becoming attire is a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. Enough to make the eminent Mr. Poole turn in his grave.

"Mornin', Snip. Just come here a moment," say a well-dressed new-comer, with man-about-town written all over him. There is a whispered colloquy, a rustling of bank-notes, and the man-about-town departs, apparently well pleased with himself. Snip occasionally does a bit of



quiet money-lending, when he knows his man.

Hullo, who's this next? It is the Hon. Algie de Broke.

How the Hon. Algie lives is a mystery to many people, for, as they say in police courts, he has no visible means of subsistence. Nevertheless, he is always well-fed, well-dressed, debonair and smart.

The big, bluff man with him perhaps explains the secret of the Hon. Algie's excellent wardrobe. He is a Colonial who has just made his pile, and has

come to the old country to spend it.

The Hon. Algie has picked him up in club, hotel, or drawing-room, and he is delighted to have the benefit of that gentleman's advice.

He wants some clothes, lots of 'em. "My dear fellow, there's only one tailor in London—Snip—I'll take you round." The Colonial orders and will pay cash for a lavish outfit; the Hon. Algie also orders a new suit or two, for which he knows no account will be rendered—Snip may even be good for a couple of fivers or tenners in cash. That's how it's done.

THE ARMY MAN.

It is in the little, mirrored rooms upstairs, however, that masculine human nature is most clearly revealed. Let us take a peep at them.

Here is an Army man "trying on." Like most of his class he is very particular, although not exactly fussy. Neatness is his god, and once past his first youth he affects almost extreme quietude in his attire.

But here is a fussy man. He dances about in a perfect fever. Isn't that sleeve just a shade too long? He is certain there is a wrinkle in the small of the back, and he frets and fumes and finally insists on alterations which will absolutely ruin Snip's work.

"Catsmeat's the only one in it, take my tip." "Do you think so, sir? I heard that Simple Simon—"

"Not a bit of it! Can't stay a yard. Catsmeat's a cert, and don't you forget it."

Tailors and their workmen are usually sportsmen. The former, indeed, have to be, for they and the doctor are always the last to be paid, and if they hadn't a sporting spirit I don't think they could ever survive in business.

SPORTSMEN AT HEART.

Their workmen, too, like many men condemned to sedentary lives, take a keen interest in sport, and so when young Whiplash or Captain Crasher—the celebrated gentleman jockey, comes to Snip's, he and the cutter talk racing.

We descend, and there enters through the swing-doors a tall, sunburnt man, wearing an obvious suit of "slops." Yet he seems in no way abashed in this temple of masculine fashion, but marches straight up to Snip, whose face has already assumed a pained expression at the sight of that awful ready-made suit.

"Hullo, Snip! Just the same as ever," he says cheerily. "Don't you remember me?"

Snip looks earnestly and then a half-delighted, half-incredulous recognition dawns in his face.

"It's—it's Mr. Larkington," he stammers.

"Right," says that gentleman. "I dare say you never expected to see me again after the smash, but my luck's turned. My uncle relented at the last, and left me every penny. Had a cable and came straight home from Australia, and straight to you, first to settle up my debts and then to get some clothes. I want some."

"Oh, sir, you do. I never thought to see you wearing such things. But come this way, we'll have you presentable by this evening if I have to work myself."

Snip is perfectly happy. The man he loved to dress has returned from the back of beyond.

PETER GILCHRIST.

THE FALL OF THE ELM.

A TRAGEDY OF PROGRESS.

It stood right in the path of the road-makers' progress, a lofty, well-grown, shapely elm, in summer a towering mass of soft green bill, topped by innumerable branches that towered beautifully from the parent stem, portly and solid, away to the green vaults that, even in noontide heat, preserved a cool, refreshing atmosphere. In autumn it was bright with shining gold, that fell like burnished dust with every gale. In winter the old tree stood with its twigs stood out against the watery yellow skies like infinitely delicate fretwork.

But it had to come down, for it stood defiantly in the path of local progress and expansion, the twin gods before whom every tree must bow.

One calm sunny morning the woodman, shouldering his keenest axe, set out like some Goliath to deal the blows that were to spoil and humiliate, and bring it crashing to the ground.

The woodman's mate followed with the sorrowful, jagged, double-handled saw, and I sorrowfully with them, feeling that a long-lost friend was to be taken from my life.

The tree seemed more beautiful than ever as the executioners carelessly put down their instruments and ropes, and callously discussed the safest and the simplest method of attack. Here they would begin to strike; that way the tree should fall; to this branch, and to that, they would attach the ropes by which the giant should be brought to earth.

I felt an impulse to leave them, so that I should not be a witness to the butchery. But I could not pull myself away, for in the death of great things there lurks a fascinating power.

I watched the workmen leisurely throw off their coats and cast aside the knotted kerchiefs round their necks. Then, having slowly rolled their blue and crumpled shirt sleeves up above the elbow joints, they set about their heartless business.

Strength against strength it was. The giant woodman swung his axe with ease and swift precision, driving the glittering blade deep in the bases of the elm, and scattering thick wedge-like notches of the creamy wood on every hand.

And still the tree stood heedless of the fierce assault as if a thousand woodmen with a thousand axes might hack and carve in vain, and at length the woodman tired and stood erect, passing a mighty arm across a dripping brow.

His mate took up the work; and so, in turn, in silence, they worked on. Each blow swayed upon the sturdy tree; the mighty mass swayed ominously; and ropes were pulled out taut from upper branches in preparation for the final haul.

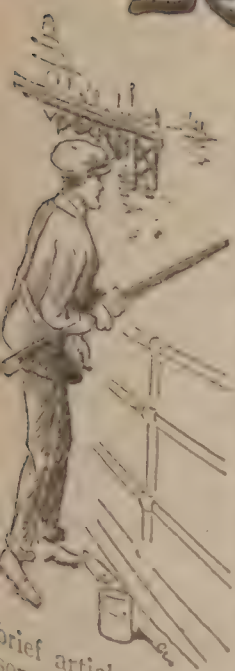
The axe was thrown aside, and to and fro the vicious saw searched out the knotted holds of the tree's support. Driven home between the ever-widening wedges until the woodman gave the signal to sap.

Hurriedly the two men rose from their kneeling pose, and, gathering up the ropes, ran out ward to their utmost length. The great elm swayed; the uncut fibres at its base snapped with an angry snarl; but still it stood triumphant, unwilling to give up without a fight when Spring had just begun to work its magic in the sap.

Hauling with might and main, and keeping time with every sway, the woodmen conquered. A shout of warning, and the two men dropped the ropes, running for their lives beyond the falling forest giant. A moment's undisturbed sway, a tearing, ugly wrench, and then the tree came hurtling down, its topmost branches falling through the air and shrieking as they fell. A crunching of innumerable boughs, a lopping lay in dignified defeat. And then the trunk of its limbs began, and when the trunk was stripped and stark, the monster, chained and fastened to a creaking skeleton cart, was hauled away.

T. RITCHIE THOMAS.

Sea Fishing Tackle.



THE OUTFIT REQUIRED FOR ONE OF OUR BEST AND LEAST EXPENSIVE SPORTS.

The fresh water angler is apt to turn up his nose at sea-fishing, but in doing so he makes a great mistake. Sea-fishing provides not only good sport, but it is incomparably healthy, and, moreover, it has the great merit, from the average man's point of view, of being very inexpensive.

Sea-fishing tackle is a big subject, and in a brief article like this it is only possible to give some very general hints, leaving the reader to supplement them by local experience and custom.

First of all, are you going to fish with a rod or with a hand line?

If you are a fresh water man you will naturally prefer the former, and good sport is to be had with the rod from piers, rocks, and some-times boats.

As a general weapon you can hardly beat a fishing rod, or pike-rod, about 14 ft. long, made with upright brass rings. It should be lighter than the other, and you should always use a reel, a large Nottingham is the best. Remember never to oil the works of a reel, as it is likely to clog them.

LINE FOR REELS.
Plaited hemp or flax makes the best reel line, and 60 to 100 yards will be ample; indeed, for rule, be quite enough.

As to gut, fine salmon gut should be strong enough for pier-fishing, but for boat-fishing it depends on what you are after and the conditions of the moment.

Paterns—weighted lines with hooks attached at intervals—are usually employed, but you may also spin with either artificial or live bait.

Pollack afford excellent sport for the rod-fisher from pier or rock. Use a fine line, a single gut weight, a yard long, and a "Pennell" Limerick hook. Should there be any current, enough to keep the bottom of the line from being pulled up, and the float itself up.

Rag worms are the best bait.

GOING WITHOUT A ROD.
The best tackle for them is a fine line; one yard gut cast, weighted with four split shot about one foot above the hook, which should be a "Pennell," and taper quill float.

I turn to hand line tackle, and here is a general outfit which will serve you in all places and for most kinds of fishing: 30 fathoms of brown sea line, a couple of dozen sharp jack-knife, and a square wooden frame to coil your line upon.

Get the line and snooding at a rope-maker's, where they will be much cheaper than at a fishmonger's, and you can also save money by purchasing the hooks and sinkers at an ironmonger's.

Now to rig up your tackle. Wind the line on the frame until you come to about 5 yards from the end; then cut off 8 feet, which divide into four pieces

Attach a hook to each of these pieces, and then fasten them to the loose end of your line, leaving a space of at least 2 feet clear between each.

Next pass a yard of the whiplcord through a sinker, fastening it to the extreme end of your line, and you are ready.

This tackle will serve you very well, but, of course, you may have to modify it according to circumstances.

You don't for example, want to use the same line for congering as you would for dabs, and if you are going in largely for sea-fishing, you really want four lines, weighing respectively 21 lbs., 15 lbs., 9 lbs., and 6 lb., per dozen 60 yard lines. This is a useful guide when ordering.

TO PREVENT "KINKING."

Number 1 will be used for very heavy work, such as congering; number 2 for deep-sea fishing; number 3 for lighter leads; number 4 for chads and dabs.

Having got your line, you should stretch it to prevent "kinking."

A field or straight, unfrequented road is the best place for this operation. Tie one end of the line to a gate post or other convenient object, and walking backwards, uncoil the line, holding it on the hands like a skein of wool. Then, protecting your hand with a piece of stout shoe-leather, grasp the line firmly at the place of attachment, and walk along the entire length, straightening out the turns as you go. Repeat this several times and the line is ready for use.

FIXING THE HOOKS.

I have described one way of affixing the hooks and casts to the main line, but there are others, and a popular method is by means of booms made of whalebone, the snoods or casts being tied on to the outer ends of the booms.

The matter of hooks demands the sea angler's close attention. For bream, whiting, and the usual ground fish, use number 3 round bend; for mackerel and pollack numbers 1 or 1½ Limerick bend; for larger fish number 6 is a good size; while cod and conger want number 7 to 10 round bent hooks.

The usual baits are pieces of fresh fish, cuttle or squid, rag worms, sand-eels, mussels, soft crabs, lugworms, whelks and hermit crabs.

H. LEE.

FAMOUS TIME-SAVERS.

The Kaiser considers it necessary to change his uniform about half-a-dozen times a day. Dressing in the ordinary way would take up a great deal of time, so he has had many of his tunics fitted with false buttons, so that they do not need buttoning all the way. It is a device borrowed from the professional quick-change artistes, but it saves him many precious moments.

The late Prime Minister believed in taking all things with Scotch caution, but while Parliament was sitting C.-B. used frequently to be seen making for the House in his motor-car, busily engaged reading his morning's letters the while. "If I didn't snatch such odd moments as these," he once said to a friend, "I'd never get through my post at all."

Lord Rothschild receives his letters while he is still in bed. At breakfast time he dictates replies for the more important; then he dashes off for town, to study the financial news as he travels, and to decide on any move which the ever-changing money game may appear to demand.

Perhaps the busiest man in the London theatrical world is Seymour Hicks. He is more or less a foe to that Bohemianism which was once regarded as an inseparable part of stage life, and he leads as strenuous a day as any business man in town.

In the train and in his motor he is never idle; when not studying a new part or reading a submitted play, he may be eating his lunch.

IS BOXING BRUTAL?

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE MANLY ART.

I have a friend who is a good deal dearer to me than a brother. I speak of brothers so far as I have met them. I suppose it is possible for brothers to be thorough chums, but I don't know of any two who are.

My friend and I are not relatives of the remotest kind, but there isn't anything that one of us wouldn't do for the other. Both of us have struck veins of bad luck more than once, so we know.

I need not tell you all I would do for my chum, but I want you to know that I like him better than I do myself.

That being so, it may surprise you to learn that of an evening, at least three times a week, we put on the gloves and pound one another's faces and bodies with hearty good-will. We always make up our minds at the beginning of a spar that we are to count by points and that we will not hit hard but just give a tap. We keep to this for the first round or two and then we warm to our work and go at it.

By the time we put on our jackets again one of us has something to remember the meeting by, and often we both have—a tingling nose, a bruised arm, or some other remembrance of a pleasant evening.

And pleasant evenings these are. A girl once said we were brutal to take our amusement in this way. Then brutes we must be, and neither of us is ashamed of it.

If a man gets hurt in a football match, nobody blames the other side or says the game is brutal. Football isn't a kid-glove affair, and a few knocks may be expected as part of the game.

Why should it be different with boxing? Why when one man gets a tap that sets the claret flowing, should you call the other man brutal?

The blow was the result of skill on the one side and of a careless guard on the other. There was no vindictiveness in it and the man hit does not care a rap.

In fact there must be fairly hard whacks going if boxing is to be thoroughly enjoyed.

You may start counting by points and putting on the merest taps, but there is very little fun in that, and before long you are both laying 'em on, not very hard, but just with force enough to satisfy both parties.

It's all very well to speak about the science in boxing. A lot of that is needed, and the exercise gives you plenty of opportunities for the exercise of your cleverness; but science isn't the main thing. If it were, you would get as much fun out of sparring gently for points as you do in a fair set-to, but you don't. Light tapping is all very well, but it doesn't have half the charm of fair hitting (I don't say hard hitting).

Looking at it from this point of view, I am inclined to regard boxing in the same way as the girl did—as a brutal pastime. It's more the fight than the science I like, and so I am a brute, but an honest one.

I wouldn't hit a man below the belt or when he was down and, take me all over, I am tender-hearted; but when it comes to the gloves I am a bit of a brute. Luckily so is my chum, so we are pretty well met.

We never feel more keenly what a talented writer in these pages described as the lust of life than when we are fighting.

And why shouldn't friends fight?

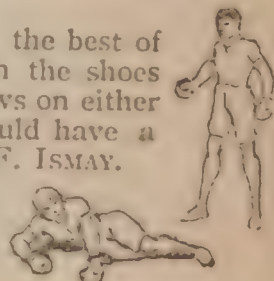
In a fair, honest spar you want to beat your adversary, but you don't dislike him. In fact I never like my chum better than when we are smashing away at one another, and he thinks the same, because he has said so.

It is when sparring that we feel real men, and that is very pleasant.

Then, if ever, we are alive, drinking life's cup with zest.

We pound away at one another in the best of spirits, but I shouldn't like to be in the shoes of anybody else who put on such blows on either of us if the other was about; he would have a hot time.

H. F. ISMAY.



THE FIGHT THAT FAILED

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By DONALD MICHIE.

The village lay deeply embowered in the shelter of innumerable elms that afforded in the height of summer a welcome screen between the flimsy cottages and the burning sun, and in winter served to break the force of the gales that swept unhindered straight across the level moors.

In the parlour of the "Load of Hay" the conversation as a rule ran on less personal lines than that which obtained amongst the womenfolk, who carried on their discussions in the comparative seclusion of the back gardens. On a certain night in early Spring, however, even the regular customers threw off their accustomed caution and reserve and spoke their minds to their complete satisfaction. For at last there was a veritably authentic and surprising subject for discussion.

Job Dawson, the landlord, was not long in coming to the conclusion that something unusual was about to happen, if indeed it had not already taken place.

He had not long to wait, for in the midst of his silent speculations the door swung open and a high-spirited young fellow in the person of Jim Dawkin, the smart young partner of the village carpenter and wheelwright, stepped up to the bar.

"Evening, Job," he said. "Let me have a pint of your very best and I'll tell ye the news."

Job smiled benevolently, obeyed, and stood expectant.

"Dick Blythe's gone," the young man declared, and waited to see the effect of his words.

"Dick—Blythe—gone!" repeated the innkeeper slowly. "What for and where to?" he continued, obviously interested.

"What for is more nor I can say," answered Jim, "but where to, I can say. He's gone across to t'other side of the county to stay along with his uncle."

Jim lied when he said he could give no reason for Dick Blythe's sudden departure, for in his heart he thought he knew the reason. But by this time the bar had filled up, and had he been inclined to open his mind to the innkeeper, the sight of all his friends would have deterred him.

The fact was that Jim was exulting secretly over the departure of one whom he regarded in the light of a very serious rival in a very serious affair. But he was not going to admit as much before that company, more especially as he noticed, in one of the corner seats, another man who, he was sure, was rejoicing in the news of Dick's sudden move as heartily as he himself.

This was Freddy Smith, a quiet but determined lad of about twenty-three, who had only recently stepped into his late father's comfortable little blacksmith's shop, which carried with it the goodwill of a wide circle of farmers and others.

Now it happened that Jim, Freddy, and Dick—who, by the way, had already begun to make a name for himself in that countryside by his successes both at poultry-raising and bee-keeping—had one ideal in common. Each one had set his heart upon winning the hand of Bella, the only daughter of old Bob Scott and his wife Sarah, who between them managed the village shop and ran a lucrative little market garden in addition.

Bella was a well-grown fine girl, with a merry rather than a pretty face, and with a jolly word for everyone. Moreover, it was generally supposed that a hundred pounds or



even two or three hundred would go with her whenever she chose to bestow her affections.

Of her three suitors, Dick Blythe was believed by the whole village to have the best chance, but his sudden removal from the place after having, as the gossips said, sold his little holding to a neighbouring farmer, gave colour to the rumour that he had made one more attack upon the heart of Bella and failed, and that in his dejection he had quitted the place for ever.

Both Jim and Freddy were, in consequence, much relieved at the departure of the most serious rival, leaving the field to them. Each was now more confident of success and each gave full vent to his hatred and jealousy of the other.

II.

As the weeks increased to months and there was no sign of the return of the dreaded Dick, the two remaining suitors took heart and as often as opportunity occurred or could be made, pressed their respective causes with the idol of their hearts.

More than once the two men had met almost upon the threshold of Bob Scott's door, and angry glances had more than once given place to angry words.

They were young and strong, and equally matched in height and weight, and neither feared the other. If ever they did come to blows, said the villagers, it would be a fight worth watching.

The climax was reached one Saturday in early autumn. A narrow passage leading from the main street of the village to a lane that ran parallel with it behind the cottages was much used by all as a short cut, and fate ordained that in it these two should come face to face.

The way was narrow. Neither was inclined to make way for the other. They jostled up to one another, pushed and squeezed with shoulders and elbows, and finally a blow, a direct, swift blow, was struck.

"You'll pay for this!" angrily asserted the furious Jim.

"Better settle it this way than not at all," retorted Freddy, framing for another onslaught.

The fight was about to begin in earnest when a voice, authoritative yet not reproving, caused both to turn.

"If ye must fight, ye may so well fight where there's elbow room," said the new arrival, who proved to be a mutual acquaintance, and who thereupon took upon himself to arrange a meeting in a quiet field where the two could settle their differences undisturbed, later on in the afternoon.

Some time before the appointed hour both combatants were upon the scene of the proposed encounter. Stripped to the waist they looked striking and even handsome figures in the slanting, mellow sunlight. It seemed almost a shame that two such fine specimens of athletic manhood should stand up burning with the one desire to batter each other beyond recognition, even for so desirable a prize as Bella Scott.

"Now then," said their self-constituted umpire, "when I drop my hat you can start, and the best man has the field to himself up at the shop yonder."

No words can describe the first fury of that onslaught as the two men flew fiercely at one another with untold determination in their faces and with the strength of jealousy in their arms.

There was little science in their methods, but this omission was amply compensated by the vigour of their attack and the indifference each

displayed to the blows that found their mark. For some minutes they fought savagely; and again clenched fist would meet clenched fist with a sharp and grisly crack; again a blow would fall with a deep resounding thud upon a heaving chest; with staring eyes they closed again and again; locked arm in arm; the strength seemed inexhaustible.

But the pace and fury soon began to tell, each, as if by mutual consent, withdrew.

Again and again they returned to the fight, at every bout their strength diminishing, yet spurred on by the hope of victory.

At last, with flesh contused, with aching limbs, in breathless weariness, with blood-ugly streaks upon their faces, both fell entangled on the ground, and wrestled with the remnants of their strength.

"That'll do!" cried the umpire.

"I don't give in," moaned Jim.

"Nor I, neither," answered Freddy, stertorously.

"Ye've had enough," replied the man, "neither of ye has beat the other. Ye'd best go home and out o' sight, for ye're in a nasty mess the both on ye."

Sullenly pulling on their coats, the two young men half-willingly obeyed.

It was impossible for either to reach home without encountering inquisitive acquaintances, and long before night had fallen the village rang again with a hundred different versions of the fight and its result.

That evening every able-bodied man hurried to the "Load of Hay" to hear the story of the sole spectator. Far into the night the tale was told and retold in every corner of the village.

The hour was growing late and all were thinking of retiring for the night when another strange and unaccountable piece of news, forgotten while the fight was in progress, began to spread among the excited villagers.

It was confidently asserted that earlier in the evening more than one of the women of the place had seen a strange sight. Either, they declared, it was the ghost of Dick Blythe, or else it was his double, or else it was Dick Blythe himself, that had been seen hurrying along the narrow lane behind the shop.

Another reliable "village gossip" declared she had seen a similar figure pacing steadily along the churchyard path towards the Vicarage door. And both accounts agreed that the apparition, or whatever it was, was splendidly arrayed in a soldier's uniform.

III.

Sunday morning brought apparent if not actual peace and reassurance, and the three little bells in the village tower tinkled their summons to the morning service.

It was not unlikely that the parson would have something reproving and severe to say upon the events of the previous day. With this further possibility of excitement in view a larger number of people than usual had assembled in the high-backed, worm-eaten pews, impatient for the sermon time to arrive.

But excitement of a different kind was in store for them that Sunday, when, at the appointed place, the Vicar rose and in his blandest tones thus addressed his palpitating flock:

"I publish the banns of marriage between Richard Blythe, bachelor, and Isabella Scott, spinster."

A perceptible flutter passed over the congregation, and when the sermon, that seemed of terminable length, was over, they streamed out in almost irreverent haste to spread the tidings of the latest sensation.

Dick Blythe had indeed returned the previous evening, in all the splendour of a Territorial's togger, and had won the heart of Bella.

A week later Jim Dawkin and Freddy Smith might have been seen shaking hands over the past, and as they did so Freddy murmured, with humorous: "It was the uniform that did it."

WHINES FROM THE WOOD.

[Mr. Wood absolutely refuses to fill in the features of his victims, or to indicate their identity in his accompanying article.—ED.]

MY SECOND VICTIM.

I descended from the train and saw the Man's knees. I gazed upwards, and inwardly complimented his photographer as I thought of the portrait I had of him at home.

We mutually made the safe remark that it was a nice day. It was one of the hottest of the year; but, then, all great minds move in similar grooves, and I noticed that a Norfolk jacket, straw hat, and dancing pumps are at least very chic.

In the cool shadow of the hall the Man let words of wisdom—real wisdom—drop.

"Even," said he, "if I cannot write, there's one thing I can do. I can make a gin cocktail."

Better still, he made it.

Once again he let fall the notes of wisdom when he mentioned to his better-half what a close resemblance I bore to my own caricature.

Although some poet says it is the lot of all great men to be reviled, yet it takes a pretty smart man of five feet nothing to revile the great when they stand six-foot-three on their soles.

But I forgave him any rude remarks he may have made on my bad drawings or thin hair. Had there been any twitchings of resentment the cocktail effaced them completely, and when I had changed that night to a borrowed suit of the Man's pink pyjamas, even the identity of the present writer was obliterated.

Literally the giant robe hung on me like a dwarfish thief, and I got tangled in trying to mount the bed and woke with nightmare, twisting and writhing and dreaming of being wrapt in winding sheets—only to find upon examination in the looking-glass that it was because in my general get-up I resembled down to the middle a kind of seaside pierrot, and from thence downwards a boy in his grandfather's flannel trousers.

Dawn awoke me from an uneasy sleep, and I attempted the feat of going below in the Man's slippers. The house was very still. I cautiously felt for the top stair with my toe, and promptly the slipper gracefully slid off and flopped down two stairs.

I descended, put it on again, and made another attempt, but gave it up at the fifth stair and carried the lengthy foot gear below under my arm.

In the hall I again donned them, and started for the morning-room, trying to appear unconcerned as I heard the movements of the early housemaids.

I have never been on snow shoes in my life—neither have I guided unsaddled horses while standing on their bare backs round a circus ring. At one time, when art paid better, I should have refused these jobs.

Having navigated a slippery hall in a pair of toboggans and kept my self-respect and my perpendicular at the same time under the critical eyes of two Bradford servants, who evidently thought I was doing it for Glory or the Music Halls, I think I should not now funk the act mentioned above. (Circus proprietors may apply for terms to this paper.)

But, you will say, what of the Man himself and his work?

Well, now, you who have read to here, what am I that I should break mountains? Is he not through the little man with the torpedo beard known to you as well almost as he is to me?

By James, sir, if you like his writings what have I to say?

And by James, sir, also, if you don't, he can make a gin cocktail with the best.

So let it go at that.

STANLEY L. WOOD.

[Anyone guessing who is represented in this cartoon should apply to Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. Possibly he may give you a prize. We won't.]



THE THATCHER.

A SKETCH.

The thatcher can no more start his work without previous training than the engine driver or the lawyer. For this reason he is regarded by his fellows, and invariably regards himself, as having a more established standing in rural life than the general workers.

Of late the thatcher's technical knowledge and remarkable skill have been at a discount, since paternal (and some say grand-maternal) interference with the buildings of the people on the part of county councils has put a bar upon the picturesque thatched roof, and has condemned the villagers to lie o' nights below thin slates, dead cold in winter and suffocatingly hot in summer.

Throughout the period of depression, Andrew Weekes stood out bravely against the "meddlin' of them council men," and making a virtue of necessity declared boldly "as he'd bide by thatchin' through thick and thin."

And bide by it he did, finding, happily, just enough work with the ricks and barns to keep him going.

He is a strange man, this Andrew.

In the seven years during which he has been working for himself, I have never been able to find out where he lived, or indeed whether he had a home at all, and yet I never knew man more contented, healthy, and, as far as I could tell, better provided, for a rural labourer, with this world's goods.

He is keen and wiry to look upon, rather under the average height, and narrow in proportion. His eyes glitter and twinkle with rude health and give the impression of complete freedom from care.

When down on terra firma he gives one the impression of being ill at ease, but to see him deftly interlacing the straw upon a cottage roof, or neatly covering the farmers' stacks and ricks, suggests an ungainly bird, so nimble and at home he seems, stretching right and left, and "treating" the straw into correct shape and position with fascinating ease and skill. The ladder seems to be his normal ground, a half-way compromise between earth and air.

His clients cover half a county, so that he is seldom long in one parish. His fund of county gossip is inexhaustible, while his knowledge of his sphere of operations is, like Weller's, "extensive and peculiar."

He arranges his work often a year in advance, and knows with certainty when and where he is expected through a vast countryside.

He has a novel, and I should even say a unique method of telling his whereabouts. You must know that thatching is a dry, dusty, exposed, and therefore a thirst raising occupation.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Andrew has what seems to me an unquenchable thirst, which he slakes early and late, and often with nothing but beer.

When I say that I have never seen him eating anything I mean it literally, and I am firmly convinced that he lives wholly and solely upon beer, winter and summer.

Wherever he may be, all that he has to do is to go to the local public house and drink a quart of beer. When well into his second quart he is able with unerring accuracy to say from what brewery the liquid has come. Having made this discovery, he next recollects practically the exact boundaries of the area served by that particular brewery and is thus able to fix his position with the accuracy of a mariner with his sextant.

I have never seen him intoxicated, and I am firmly convinced that he is built like a lifeboat—to "carry" more than he can hold.

He is a rural "character," and in many ways a fine, sturdy, independent fellow, with confidence in himself, and having an infinite store of weather and general rural lore. He is as full of "old saws" as a pillow is of feathers. I like him well.

SIDNEY MAYER.

MY NOTEBOOK.

TERRITORIALS
ALL.

As, of course, you have observed, I have been ever since this paper started doing my little bit towards the support of the Territorial movement. Exactly how many I have induced to join the Territorials it is difficult to say, because, unfortunately, it is not every reader who takes the trouble of writing to me; but I have had all letters referring to this matter filed, and I find that over three hundred of my readers have joined just because I advised them to do so.

I wish I could persuade every man who reads these lines to become a Territorial. Mr. Haldane, I believe, requires altogether something like 240,000 men. I could more than supply him if every reader would forthwith put himself at his country's service, for I have now considerably more than 250,000 readers.

Some time, perhaps, all my readers will be Territorials, but in the meantime I have been doing what I could in the way of recruiting, and I am pleased to be able to announce that I have been able to induce every member of my staff to become a Territorial.

Every member, with two exceptions. One is a lady typist, who will not venture her person upon horseback, and who therefore cannot be persuaded to join the Ladies' First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps. The other is one of my office boys who unfortunately has no ear for music and therefore cannot enlist as a bugler; he is too young to be a trooper, but he is looking forward to his next birthday and is firmly resolved to perjure himself in the matter of his age when he applies for admission to the ranks of the Territorials. For my part, I have no intention of betraying his deception.

With these two exceptions we all have the privilege of wearing his Majesty's uniform in our spare time. We are all in mounted units of one sort or another, for in this office we have rather a strong, if perhaps old-fashioned, affection for the horse.

THE PART OF
EMPLOYERS.

I wish every other employer would put himself to the trouble of securing a similar result. I do not suggest that he should use compulsion.

To compel a man to do his duty by his country seems to me rather like compelling him to fall in love.

Both things are hall-marks of a full-blooded man and there the matter ends—you can't force him. But employers can do their part in making things easy for those of their men who wish to join.

WHEN
CAMP
TIME
COMES.

So far as I am concerned, I shall be put to much inconvenience when the time for camp arrives, but we shall get over it somehow or another.

You can't get a good thing without a bit of bother, and I shall not grumble when the first week of August comes upon us. I do not know that a paper has ever been edited from a bell tent before, but I do not think you will find THE MODERN MAN less interesting when that occurs.

Although all my staff are now Territorials I would not have you think that I have used my position or power to compel them in any way. I have simply pointed out to them the good things they were missing and, being manly sort of chaps—I never engage any who are not—they saw that joining would do them good, and they joined.

I have preached Territorialism, and have done my part in practising it. I am no believer in sermons that are not intended for home consumption.

THE
EDITORIAL
PEDESTAL.

"You've acted very foolishly in shattering the editorial pedestal," another editor remarked to me the other day. "Previously an editor was a

being apart, and his words were listened to with awe, but you have knocked all this on the head by being over intimate with your readers." He was one of the old school, so we need not perhaps, take his finding too seriously. I am afraid I never thought very much about the editorial pedestal, but, if it exists, I expect I shall from time to time give it a few more nasty knocks.

DURING
THE
WEEK-END.

It is very amusing to learn the ideas which some people entertain as to what an editor ought to do and what he ought not to be.

Last Saturday I rode over to the farm of a friend of mine in Berkshire. On the Sunday morning I took out my horse to try some rather interesting hedges, and when I got back he was sweating.

I stripped off my jacket and vest and rubbed him down, and then I went across the yard for a bucket of water, for by this time I had cooled down.

The pump was a primitive affair and filling of the bucket took me some time. It was about half full when my farmer friend, who had been away to see some sheep in one of his fields, came round the corner of the cowshed. A public road runs along that side of the farmyard, and hardly had he hove in sight there appeared from the other direction a stout coated figure apparently on his way to church. My friend turned and spoke to him, and presently they both advanced to me.

By this time my bucket was filled and I was crossing towards the stable, but when they came I set it down and wiped one hand dry, and bunched the other to be ready to shake if necessary.

"This is Mr. —, the schoolmaster of my friend, "and this is the editor of THE MODERN MAN."

I am not as a rule envious of other people, but I do wish I had a better gift of the gab than that I could describe the expression on the face of the worthy schoolmaster at that moment.

He was most obviously incredulous. The editor should be dressed in breeches and shirt, that the sleeves of the last garment should be rolled up to the elbows, and that the owner of the lot should be holding a bucket of water—these were things beyond his comprehension.

He stared at me foolishly, and then grinned, supposing that my friend was making fun of him.

"It's a very good paper," he said, and shook hands. "I only wish I could be an editor."

THE SORT
OF MAN HE
EXPECTED.

I should have felt rather awkward if I had started to talk to him, but I was indeed and I tried to convince him it was so, but he wouldn't have believed me if I had said so for a hundred years. Next time I shall come in a frock-coat and top hat and with a pair of grey side-whiskers.

Possibly the schoolmaster may be a note. If so, the editorial pedestal will be broken for all time.

FROM
ERIN.

My best thanks are due to an anonymous Dubliner who sent me a box of shamrocks the night before Saint Patrick's Day. I requested that I should wear a bit in my button-hole "for the sake of Old Ireland." I did, with pride and pleasure.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

SACKING A MAN.

One of the most painful duties that fall to the lot of an employer is the dismissal of an assistant.

I remember once hearing a performer in a music hall—a ventriloquist—who made one of his puppets say, "I am the gaffer at the gas works. Sixteen men under me, and I can sack the bloomin' lot."

I am sorry to say that is the mental outlook of many employers at the present moment. The effect of it is as bad upon themselves as it is upon those who work under them. It is an extremely childish view.

As I once said before, the conditions of modern employment are these: a man contracts with an employer to do certain work for a certain price. The contract may be terminated by either side, and it is absurd for the man who happens to be paying the wages bill to arrogate to himself any sort of superiority.

I don't say that he should not exercise his authority. That is necessary, for in business it is essential for one man's word to be law; otherwise we should have the anomaly of the business army being all captains and no privates.

But with the judicious exercise of this authority the employer should rest content. He is foolish and incompetent if he tries to enforce his personal foibles upon his staff, for they are men just as much as he is.

The wise employer recognises these facts and acts accordingly, but still there are times when it is advisable for him to exercise his power and to inflict the extreme penalty of giving a man the sack.

Under certain circumstances you are foolish if you do not sack the man. I presume that you have exercised ordinary care when you engaged him, for it is cruelty to give a man a post unless at the outset you believe him capable of fulfilling his duties. You may, however, have been perfectly satisfied with the man's credentials, experience and talents, and yet be lamentably disappointed when you come to consider his actual work.

If such should be the case, view the whole circumstances impartially and with justice. Consider first and foremost whether you are overworking that man; consider whether he has had sufficient time to adapt himself to your ways; consider whether you have given him sufficiently full particulars to enable him to do the work which you require.

The employer has a duty to his employees no less than that which they owe to him. If he dismisses a man without sufficient cause he has committed a crime, morally if not legally, for he has thrown that man on his beam ends, possibly exposing him to the hardships, for months to come, of trying to find employment. At the same time the employer has a duty to himself, and his first interest is necessarily the success of his business.

If you find that a man is grossly incompetent, the best thing you can do is to get him out at the earliest moment. If he is no good to you, he will be no good to himself, in your line of business at least.

In this matter I should like to caution employers against being bluffed by men who have got the gift of the gab. I have known men to retain incompetent employees simply because they could always produce plausible excuses.

Excuses are no good. They do not help to pay your rent and expenses. What you want is production, and, if a man cannot produce something worth more than what you pay him, then you must look the matter in the face and take the drastic step of parting company with him.

But do it politely.

Not infrequently it happens that a man who is dismissed from one place becomes a force in the same line of business under a different employer, and it may happen that he may be able to do you an injury or a benefit. Therefore let your parting be friendly. Friendliness will do you no harm, and it may save you from subsequent evil.

It is well to devise an excuse for the dismissal more kindly than the true one.

Cutting down expenses is a common excuse for sacking, but I think a better one is to tell the man candidly that although you have a high opinion of his talents, you don't think he is quite fitted for your particular business.

Arm him with as kind a testimonial as you can give him, while keeping strictly within the limits of truth; and do for him what you can in the way of obtaining fresh employment.

After all, though you may not suit one another, you have worked together, and he should be to you a little more than a stranger. Therefore if you happen to know of a billet in which he would be likely to prove useful, do what you can to get it for him.

When the time comes when you make up your mind that the man is a source of loss, instead of a source of profit to you, sack him by all means. But do it so that the sting may smart as little as possible. Some day he may be a rival to you, and one cannot afford to make enemies in business.

OUTSIDE INTERESTS.

There are many who regard their working hours as so much time which they sell to their employers, in order to be able to supply the necessities of life. Their working time is to them exactly like the time occupied in sleep; they look upon it merely as a necessity for fitting them for their amusements or study during their leisure time. Working time is in short to them waste time.

Their real life is spent during their hours off. Then they will take up some form of athletics in which they delight, and will spend hour after hour endeavouring to excel in it. Possibly, though here the numbers are very limited, they will take up some form of study entirely unconnected with the work at which they make their living.

Where the work is of an absolutely mechanical nature this is excusable. The men who spend the whole of their working lives tending a machine are to all intents and purposes machines themselves, and it is well that they should develop their faculties and enjoy life when they can.

But to those who are engaged in work which demands mental effort, however slight, there is a distinct danger in the strong outside interests. Involuntarily the thoughts will turn to the hobby when they should be concentrated upon the work, and the work is likely to suffer in consequence.

An electrical engineer may be an excellent half-back in the football field, but his work in life is to be an electrical engineer, and he should make all things subsidiary.

There is a distinct pleasure in all work which demands an exercise of your talents, and it is infinitely more profitable to spend your energies in improving your work than on other objects which after all do not count for much. If your work is mechanical and demands no effort on your part, the only thing is to change it for something else.

Play well, but work well.

LACK OF INITIATIVE.

Business is like war in more respects than one. It is a perpetual fight, and the man who is to come to the fore must first prove his capacity to take orders from his superiors and to act upon them promptly.

But, even more important, he must be able at times, when his superior officer, or his chief, is not present, to act upon his own initiative, or if necessary, to take over the command of others.

Moreover, he must be prepared to depart occasionally from the beaten track, and to strike out a line of his own.

Every successful business man owes something to originality. If he merely followed the stereotyped methods of his predecessors or his rivals, he would never rise above the common herd.

A friend of mine recently advertised for a private secretary, to work with him for a certain number of hours a day at his home, about three quarters of an hour's journey out of London.

There were not twenty applicants. Had the job been in London, and not necessitated departing slightly but literally from the beaten track, there would have been more than twenty applicants. My friend has subsequently proved by experience that

CONTRACTS.

It is safe to say that quite half the commercial business of the law courts consists of dealing with disputes concerning contracts. A business man supposes, that he cannot be bound to his word, so long as he has put a verbal agreement on paper. This is an error. A verbal agreement is binding and can be enforced, if it is to be produced.

So also an action may constitute consideration. When you nod in an auction, you imply that you are willing to purchase the article offered at a sum higher by one shilling than the price last named.

Though you say nothing, the auctioneer's hammer, by the price you put on the fall of the hammer, he implies acceptance of your offer. You can bind him to sell the article at that price. Yet not even a word has passed between you. It must be noted that a contract for the sale of goods of the value of £10 or upwards is not binding, unless the seller receives some small part of these goods, or some part of their price as an earnest to the bargain.

In all contracts there must be consideration for what each party agrees to do. Smith owes Brown £10, and Brown agrees to accept £5 as full payment. He can sue for the other £5, even though Smith has given him a receipt.

If, however, Smith knew his handwriting would give Brown a pencil stub or a piece of paper, as a consideration for the £5, the £5 was being cut off. If Brown accepted the £5 as consideration he could not subsequently sue for the second £5. It must be noted that consideration is required when the contract is under seal.

Section 3 of the Sale of Goods Act says that a contract of sale may be made in writing (with or without seal), or by word of mouth, partly in writing and partly by word of mouth, or may be implied by the conduct of the parties.

It must be noted that the custom of the trade is not illegal, even if it is contrary to the law. The notice of the trade is not illegal, even if it is contrary to the law. The notice of the trade is not illegal, even if it is contrary to the law.

We have shown sufficiently the importance of the question of contracts, and the student business man will entrust the drawing of any contract of vital importance to a solicitor.

The money expended on the lawyer is well invested.

A Dead Cert



SPORTING SKETCH.

that the 'Sporting Life' calls the Turf army—we're 'off.' Lincoln Spring to Manchester November! Same old bookies, same old jockeys, same old winning days, same old broke days . . . oh, my Gawd! But the racin's never the same. Ah, ain't it a treat to have Lincoln come round again!"

He seemed to lose himself in a reverie. "No more," he went on dreamily, "shall I see the fav'rite fall at the first fence, while the cruel bookies grin at our discomfort. Have done with the finickin' flag and bring out the startin' gate all correct, ye devils! It's good-bye to the bunglin' riders of 'chasers, and a welcome to the Artists of the Turf—'Danny' Maher, Otto Madden, Higgs, little Wootton an' the Griggs boys."

"I tell you, sir, it's Heaven is Lincoln. I'm no absolute stiff and starch follower of form, which is rather less than no cop at the 'Back-end.' I like to have my little bit of ready iron on when the stable's got its money down, and there's no ticklish fence to fear."

"Yes, give me the Flat! Newmarket, Ascot, Goodwood or even Alexandra Park. Somebody said 'See Naples and die,' didn't they? Well, my money goes on Ipsom in preference, thank you!"

He pulled out his paper again, and gloated over it like a miser.

"The Batthyanyi Plate," he read, turning the words over in his mouth like a much-loved sweetmeat. "What price a race like that compared with three miles over sticks for fifty quid? Piffling! Not but what I give the Grand National its due, you know. It wants a good horse and a man on his back to win the 'chasers' Derby."

"Then, of course, you've got a pinch for the National?"

"No, thank you! It ain't the sort of race to have a plunge on, Aintree bein' a Happy Huntin' Ground for outsiders—and cab-horses in particular. Most of the last dozen winners could have been bought for a tenner and a glass of whisky at some period of their lives. How can a man, with a wife an' family dependin' on his ability to weigh up form to an ounce, bet on horses like that? But the Missus is on a new costume to nothin' when Weinerstrasse has won the Lincolnshire Handicap."

We both got out at Teddington. A solitary newspaper boy outside the station yelled:

"Latest scratchin's for Lincoln, sir!"

"Ha, Ha!" exclaimed my friend joyfully, "this is where we see the stumers and the bookies' bogey horses struck out. The Saturday before Lincoln, as you might say, is a nerve-breakin' night for the ante-post speculator—all in, run or not, you know. Now let's see what price they offer against Weinerstrasse!"

He bought a paper and scanned the sporting news.

"Hanged if they mention him!" he said with a puzzled air. "And I got thirty-threes about him at the Albert Club this very morning. Now for the scratchin's—"

"Yes, just as I thought—the old stagers!" he went on sagely, "the same old bogey horses, who are tipped to win this race year after year, but never get to the post. Bookie-owned horses with a false reputation, and still the dear old B.P. piles on the shekels, never gettin' a run for their money. . . . Great Barcaldine! 'Out of Lincolnshire Handicap—Weinerstrasse—at 4.30.' Oh, my Gawd! Missus's new Directoire Costume is right out in the bettin' now!"

I attempted to cheer him up.

"After all," I observed, "Lincoln merely provides the hors d'œuvres of the racing season's menu—"

"But often—too often, alas," he interrupted, "it spoils our appetite for the rest of the courses!"

With this, my epigrammatic punter disappeared into the night.

E. C. PARTICK.

ON THE BANK.

SOME BOAT RACE TYPES.

Where will you stand? At the start at Putney, by the finish at Mortlake, on Hammersmith or Barnes Bridge, along the towing-path? It really doesn't very much matter, at least for our purpose of taking notes; high or low, wherever you go (like Silas Wegg, I am "dropping into poetry"), anywhere along the course on Boat Race day you will see many varied and distinct types.

There goes Oxford or Cambridge in all the pride of glorious manhood. The broad shoulders, the deep chest, the narrow flank, unmistakably bespeak the rowing man. Not quite good enough for the Eight this year, but better luck next time, sir.

Of course, he curses the man who has kept him out, but it is an honest envy, not a spark of meanness about it, and he won't be the last by a long way to congratulate his rival should he prove his worth.

By him, another 'Varsity type, mild, bespectacled, pale, already round-shouldered, the book-worm. But the magic of the contest has drawn him from his musty tomes, and he is as enthusiastic as the athlete beside him, though his pipe is feeble compared with the other's full-throated roar.

Old Blues there are, calmly critical; quiet clergymen from town slum or country parsonage, in whom the old Adam of the love of a good fight rises once a year.

Dazzling girls in every style of Dark or Light Blue fashion; small boys intensely partisan and pugnacious; grave men of the law, medicine, or the counting house; plump matrons, thin maiden aunts; vivacious Americans from the big hotels on the Embankment—these are some of the types of the well-dressed crowd.

But pass long, pass along, it is the less fortunately placed in the social scale that interest me most.

That young lady over there, in the Light Blue motor-veil, the Light Blue scarf, the Light Blue dress, and, as I can't help seeing when she lifts her skirts to cross a puddle, the Light Blue petticoats and stockings, where is she from? Why, from the big draper's over the way, and why she should take such an interest in the Boat Race I am sure I don't know.

Hawkers, cheap-jacks, three card tricksters, and light-fingered gentry, they are all here.

They combine business with pleasure.

Here are some weedy, raucous-voiced youths, wearing alleged 'Varsity colours, smoking alleged cigars, twirling alleged silver-mounted canes. They hope (vainly) to be mistaken for 'Varsity men, and at night they will do their best to get themselves arrested by the police in Leicester-Square.

But that old, old chap in the skull-cap, what has drawn him from his lair—the old book-shop in the Fulham Road? He is not an ex-'Varsity man, he has never tasted an athletic joy in his life, yet he creeps every year to the waterside on the great day.

That portly dame, with the rubicund face, the paper bag, and the small, flat bottle, what does she care about the Boat Race? Yet she leaves her stuffy parlour and sticks a bit of blue ribbon in her rusty black bonnet.

That small slattern of a general slavey, that perfect lady with the peroxide hair and down-at-heel French shoes, that grim-faced man who, I am sure, is an undertaker, that shabby-genteel gentleman, that music-hall manager in the big fur coat, that smart taxi-cab chauffeur, that burly brewer's drayman, what brings them together? Why, just the Briton's love of a bit of clean sport.

They're off; they're coming; the fat man falls off his perch; the small slavey is hidden behind a forest of backs; the lady in blue can't disentangle her motor-veil; the portly woman has her bottle to her lips when there is a roar, we catch a momentary glimpse of flashing oars and straining backs, and for our section of the crowd the Boat Race is over.

WILLIAM GRAZIER.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

PRIMITIVE APPLIANCES.

I have already referred on this page to the necessity of having appliances of some sort for the physical culturist who wishes to attain the fullest possible development.

If he can afford to indulge in those perfected appliances invented by experts, so much the better. But if he cannot, he need not resign himself to dispensing with appliances altogether.

Most of us have very passable substitutes ready to hand. Some have been already referred to in connection with the exercises given on this page.

For instance, the top rail of a bedstead will fulfil many of the functions of a horizontal bar, or a couple of chairs those of a pair of parallel bars.

Chairs may be used for many other purposes—as weights for lifting, though the ordinary kitchen scales will usually supply a still better substitute. If no one weight is sufficiently heavy, two or three may be tied together with a stout piece of cord, and be just as serviceable, if a trifle ungainly.

For dumbbells again one can want nothing better than a pair of ordinary flat irons. They fulfil to a great extent the office of a spring grip dumbbell, owing to the necessity of grasping them tightly, so as to prevent the heavy body of the iron from turning and injuring your hand.

For a gymnastic rod, for purposes of Swedish drill and exercises, you can always use a walking-stick or a broom handle.

A stout walking-stick also makes a perfectly sound substitute for a single-stick, if a large handkerchief or piece of cloth be wound about the sword hand.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

A good sound exercise for the abdominal muscles, and for giving suppleness to the whole body is the following.

Plant the feet well apart, stand upright with the chest thrown well out, and raise the arms above the head, placing the palms of the hands together.

Then swing fairly smartly downwards, so that the hands pass between the legs.

Take care not to swing so vigorously that the back muscles are strained when the swing is brought to an abrupt conclusion.

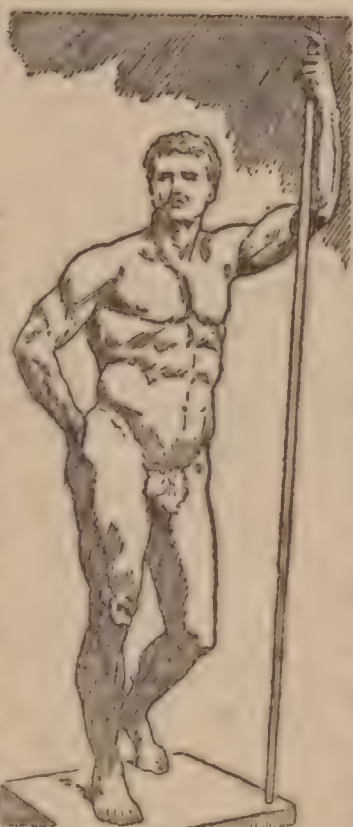
The arms must be kept stiff during the whole exercise, but the back will necessarily bend slightly as the lower extremity of the swing is reached.

The body must be kept loose and allowed to move naturally and without restraint, and must be raised as smartly as it swings downwards.

Don't practise this too often at first, for fear of straining yourself, but you will find it a useful variant from those exercises which are only valuable if performed slowly.

It helps the general development of the body, and assists you in acquiring that coveted possession, the lean athletic waist.

It may also be ranked amongst the curative exercises, for it is a capital thing for indigestion and other minor complaints of the stomach and abdomen. If you don't feel equal to a big breakfast, try this; it will give you an appetite.



A GREEK PRINCE.

From the Quirinal Museum, Rome.

CLOTHES.

Some fellows when they are indulging in any form of sport, look out their oldest togs and don't mind in the least what they look like.

But the keen physical culturist is not among these. I suppose that if he were pressed, he would in nine cases out of ten give the improvement in his appearance as one of his reasons for paying some attention to his physique.

If a man takes the trouble to make himself smart when he is preparing for gymnastic exercises, there is no costume which will show off his figure to better advantage.

If you have ever seen any form of gymnastic display, especially in a military gymnasium, you must have noticed this.

If, therefore, you practise in a club or gymnasium, and not merely in the privacy of your bedroom, it is worth while taking some trouble to see that your zephyr and shorts, or white trousers, are clean, and that your shoes are freshly pipeclayed.

Moreover, it is important that the garments worn next the body, as exercising togs naturally are, should be as clean as possible since the pores of the skin are opened by strenuous exertion.

A THIGH DEVELOPER.

Stand at attention, and place the hands on the hips, forcing the elbows well back, so as to expand the chest.

Then raise the left leg as in the sketch, forcing it slowly backwards as far as possible without altering the position of the body.

Return it gradually to its original position, and repeat the process with the other leg.

This extremely simple exercise will benefit especially the muscles of the thighs and calves. The strain on the thigh muscles will at first be considerable, when the leg is taken as far back as it can be, but this will gradually decrease as they become further developed, and accustomed to the exercise.

KNOCK KNEES AND BOW LEGS.

I am constantly receiving inquiries from readers as to the best means of curing knock knees and bow legs.

The letters are an evidence of the erroneous impressions that are about concerning what may be done by physical culture.

Knock knees and bow legs are matters for the surgeon to treat. If I prescribed exercises alleged to be curative for these deformities I should be a fraud.

No exercise will cure either the one or the other. I doubt if they can be cured at all except in infancy.

There is one remedy which is frequently advocated and which is the best I know of.

I do not promise it will cure.

In the case of knock knees you may put a pillow between your knees and strap your ankles together during the night; this treatment may gradually induce the joints to assume a more beautiful form.

In the case of bow legs the pillow should be inserted between the ankles and the knees should be strapped together.

In all such matters, however, I should strongly advise no man to be his own doctor.

Let him consult his surgeon, suggesting the methods I have outlined, and let his treatment be what his medical man may advocate.



Useful for the runner.



A good stretcher.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

Stand at attention, with the arms at the sides.

Raise the right arm above the shoulder, with the palm turned outwards.

Then bend the body, and the raised arm with it, slowly to the left, allowing the left arm to slide down the back of the thigh, but keeping it close to the side of the body, until the body assumes the position shown in the sketch. Repeat the process with the arms reversed, bending to the right.

This exercise will benefit especially the muscles of the side, shoulder and back, but care must be taken not to strain them by stretching too far to either side.

If the lower shoulder is to receive the full benefit, the hand must not be allowed to pass clear of the body, but the palm should slide down the thigh, just behind the seam of the trousers.

Both arms must be kept rigid, and the muscles tensed, as far as possible without clenching the fists.



This must be done slowly and steadily.

ELECTRIC DUMB-BELLS.

The use of a small shocking coil is both interesting and beneficial to the physical culturist.

If you think of experimenting in this way let me advise you to select a comparatively small coil; the large ones are expensive and are dangerously strong. Even with an ordinary coil you should, the first time you use it, have someone in the room to turn off the current in case you get tied up; only the man who has at some time been held rigid by an electric current knows the torture of it and his utter helplessness.

In speaking of coils I mean those contrivances which are little more than spools of insulated wire, through which passes the current from an ordinary dry cell, such as is used for electric bells.

Frictional electric machines are equally good and you can get one for considerably less than the cost of a good coil, but with a frictional producer of electricity there is always the humbug of turning the handle, and you can't do that and your exercises at the same time.

Therefore I recommend a coil worked by a dry or a wet cell.

When your producer of electricity is perfect—whatever form it takes—the rest is a simple matter.

Get a pair of iron dumb-bells (or a pair of wooden ones with some lengths of wire tacked down along the handles), and to each dumb-bell attach one of the wires from your electric coil.

Do it neatly so that there may be no jagged ends to tear your fingers.

When you set the coil going and take a dumb-bell in each hand, you will feel the current passing through both arms and stiffening the muscles.

Back up its action by gripping the dumb-bells as hard as you can and tensing all your arm muscles.

Tensing exercises are, perhaps, the best with electric dumb-bells, but almost any of the exercises I have given on this page may be practised to advantage with them.

I do not think that anyone has yet explained satisfactorily the action of electricity on the muscles, but that the action is grand for the development of them I can assert from personal experience, and not from my own alone but from that of most other athletes.

Electric dumb-bells are now part of the equipment of nearly every professional athlete, and I think it would be well for them to be more used by the amateur culturist also.

Working on the lines suggested you can get up a pair for yourself at a very small cost, and the trouble is well worth while, for you will have a new athletic appliance as effective as it is entertaining.

Moreover the novelty of the new exercise is most helpful to you.

Richard Selby: Englishman

A NEW SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.
BY ADAM STEIN.
IV. RIVAL SPIRITS.



The town of Moulden, Staffordshire, was replete with all the elements of a bye-election. Wall, buildings and windows were all blue let-tered. The Works-
man's Friend, a journal of the Labour movement, had the name of the Labour movement in its title. The rosettes graced the chests of all types of the community, from old men to maidens, and were the cause of many fierce and sometimes humorous contests between the small boys. But the plenteousness of the throngs in tap-
pings and hours caring little whence it came, for it was a subconsciousness to the town of Moulden, the landlord of "The Hare and Hound" was discreetly neutral in the con-
flict of the rival candidates stood side by side in his windows, while, to complete the effect, a large blue rosette of blue on one lapel and a balanced counterpart in red on the other. He had already surrendered to the habit of quietly staked a tenner on the issue of Retrenchment and Reform.
Richard Selby, a young man with a smile when he looked through the swing-
door and then his way towards him. Richard called for a glass of beer and, as he drank, he looked inquiringly as if assum-
ing that Richard would not be there except for a pose. But after exchanging a few words with him thoughtfully.
"You'll get it free," said Mark, looking at a group with a jerk of his head.
"Askell's man?" asked Richard casually.
"Ah; an' there's somethin' on." He winked meaningfully, but could make no further explanation until the clamour issuing from a dozen thirsty throats had been momen-
tarily quelled.
"Which you for?" he inquired.
"I've got no opinion either way," replied Richard.
"Well, which d'ye think'll get in?" persisted Richard.
"I don't care a solitary damn," observed Richard abstractedly.
"Merely enjoyin' the fun, eh?"
"Wondering what they do it for; that's all."
"What I think," said Mark, leaning forward and speaking intimately, "is it's six o' one an' all-a-dozen o' th' other. There's Askell! Who's Askell? Nobody knowed anythin' on 'im until this come on. But if there's any dirty biz on, it's his side, an' don't you forget it!"
"O-ah!" exclaimed Richard. "I heard him speak last night, and as far as I could judge the Working Man's Friend has never done a day's work in his life."
"An' Lyons!" went on Mark. "They brings 'im down from collidge an' sets 'im to preach Retrenchment an' Reform. Ho! About the two last things a youngster knows anythin' on!"
"No. There's a meeting in the Drill Hall to-
night. Very likely I shall drop in."
"The man for us, I reckon," said Mark. "He's local, an' a recommenda-
tion. For the Lyons o' Bagley

Court, landowner an' sportsman, t' represent the constituency seems on'y right an' proper. What you think?"

He had to repeat the question, for Richard was gazing at the knot of men in the corner where he saw money change hands.

"Think? Nothing; except that the men who run the country should be something better than fools."

"Politics!" summed-up Mark, coming back after another inter-
val. "Politics is like love-makin'; full o' be-utiful

promises."

Richard watched Peter Wood detach himself from the other men and lurch towards the door.

"You said something was on?" he said to Mark. "What is it?"

"Dunno or care," replied Mark with a grin of conscious diplomacy. "Only them lot's bin talkin' an' drinkin' together for longer than is 'ealthy."

"I may be back presently," said Richard, go-
ing out. "So long."

He caught up Wood, who was also a chain-
maker at the Works, and drew him into con-
versation. Peter's remarks were incoherent, and as uncontrolled as his legs, but Richard was patient. He scented sport.

"A dollar!" growled Peter, halting and sway-
ing as he fumbled in his pockets. He brought out two half-crowns and solemnly expectorated upon them.

"And rotten pay, too!" exclaimed Richard, who had not an idea what the money was for.

"A dollar t' goo round the bloomin' town as a bill-sticker! An' me drunk!" he added, as if that intensified the grievance.

"I wouldn't stand it," said Richard feelingly.

With tact and careful questioning he got to know what manner of bill-posting was expected for the furtively-passed sum of five shillings, and earned Peter's intoxicated gratitude by promis-
ing to undertake the work for him.

The gratitude was forgotten when Richard firmly and sometimes ungently conducted him home and saw him stowed away safely for the night.

Now it happened that Moulden woke up the next morning to find the blue-lettered name of The Working Man's Friend prefixed in many parts of the town with a large and blood-coloured R. Doubtless equal enjoyment would have resulted if the original intention of im-
proving the venerable name of Lyons into Lyor had been carried out. But, as it was, the com-
bination of red and blue was pleasing to the eye.

Richard had struck his first blow for Retrench-
ment and Reform, just for the fun of the thing.

II.

The evening of the same day Lyons, followed by two or three young and sportive friends who were enjoying his father's hospitality and the event, set off from Bagley Court in the American buggy which had been painted vermilion for the occasion.

Mr. Vincent Lyons was too wise a man to handicap his son, Polonius-like, with a plethora of maxims.

"Now, keep your temper, my lad; be ready with retort, and remember, for you this is nothing but a game," was the sum total of his advice, accompanied by a clap on the shoulder and a cheery smile. He stood now on the broad steps leading from the spacious hall and waved his hand as the buggy disappeared down the drive.

Along the road they went, songs waking the echoes until the glare of Moulden's chimneys

hove in sight. Then the crisp voice of the juvenile candidate ordered them to shut their asinine row and behave like sedate and respon-
sible Britishers.

Through the narrow squalid streets they pro-
ceeded slowly to the Drill Hall, a structure of corrugated iron, thence by a side entrance to a crowded platform to be saluted by cheers, with just a spice of boos and hisses.

The introductory remarks of a nervous chair-
man were howled down, for the Black Country-
man is surcharged with vim which has little chance of expression on ordinary occasions.

The candidate took his chair unobtrusively, crossed his thin legs and viewed his audience with an impassive countenance, the result of persistent rehearsal before a mirror.

A mass of faces, blackened with labour and alive with excitement, confronted him, and from them proceeded yells that rent the air.

For an instant a sense of the fierce, native spirit of this primitive manhood went over him like a flood, rendered him weak, helpless, con-
scious of class barrier, oppressed with the impos-
sibility of understanding these men and serving their needs.

He felt an impostor.

Then his wandering eyes rested on the face of a young man who stood out from the rough-
ened specimens about him by some indefinite quality either of appearance or character.

He was seated in the front row of the audience, reclining with outstretched legs and his hands in his trouser pockets, gazing at him with an expression as imperturbable as his own.

Unconsciously Lyons gave him glance for glance, his confidence reasserting itself now that he felt he was the object of critical, reason-
ing scrutiny.

The chairman sat down with an audible ex-
clamation of relief and the candidate for Retrenchment and Reform stepped forward.

His boyish appearance and slim form were incongruous with those of the men around him, but his composure graced him with dignity and the suggestion of strength.

"Friends," he began, and the boisterous ap-
plause showed that he had chosen this greeting well.

He went on to speak of the diffidence with which he had decided to appeal for their con-
fidence and support, his anxiety to comprehend and devote himself to their interests, and his determination to uphold the principles of Retrenchment and Reform.

Ere long interruptions ceased and he was listened to with interest if but little under-
standing.

He spoke well, and easily, as a man to men, and Richard realised the cleverness which had chosen this attitude. The speech was un-
deniably clever, free from definite assertions, but calculated to soothe where it failed to convince.

He knew beyond doubt that it had been pre-
pared for the candidate by an expert.

"What d' you propose to do for the female 'prentices?" Richard called, interrupting a polished phrase.

Without admitting that he knew no more than the man in the moon of their conditions, Lyons replied courteously that the question was one to which he had resolved to give particular attention.

Richard reclined comfortably and propounded a few more problems at leisurely intervals.

Did he know how much the female appren-
tices were paid? Could he make a guess as to the manner in which they were forced to im-
prove their earnings in order to exist? Did he know how many houses had collapsed about the inmates' ears during the past year; and the state of sanitation; that white-faced girls and boys worked half through the night making chain, nails, buckets, at home? Was it in his opinion right that women should work at the forge from daybreak to dusk while their crawling children were left to take care of themselves?

Protests were shouted at Richard, but as many at the candidate when he ignored the questions. Mr. Arthur Lyons got nettled and replied at last



that those matters were more the concern of the local bodies than the Government.

"Weak, my son!" called Richard. "I thought you were red-hot for Reform. Perhaps you've never been in Moulden before this election."

"Yes, I have," snapped Lyons unwisely.

"Often?"

"Er, yes."

There were shouts of "Liar! Not since you were a kid."

"Friends——" he replied pleasantly.

The ensuing remarks were drowned.

"You're no friend of our'n. Git back to your London an' Rotten Row!"

"Gentlemen," he began patiently.

There was a chorus of hisses.

"Answer them questions! What d'you know about Moulden?"

"What does Askell know?" he retorted.

A voice shouted, "Askell! We all know about 'im! 'E's a raskell, that's what 'e 'is!"

Loud laughs followed this sally.

"Give the boy a chance," came from Richard distinctly. "He's anxious to learn."

"Boy! What are you?" replied Lyons heatedly.

Bullying and ridicule are severe trials to youth. Forgetful of the warning of his father, Mr. Arthur Lyons lost his temper.

He was only just past his majority, so perhaps there was good excuse.

The audience were reminded in no mistakable terms of their fondness for beer to the exclusion of all else connected with decency, and pungent observations followed about their general disreputable appearance.

The Black Countryman is used to personal abuse, and probably this display of spirit would have done him no harm. But there were numerous supporters of the other side in the Hall who eagerly accepted the opportunity to break up the meeting.

The disorder began with good-humour, but

presently some excitable individual punctuated an argument with a blow.

People stood up to watch the dispute, pushed forward, swayed, fell over chairs. The uproar grew, and the candidate heard the grunts and gasps of struggling men.

He gave up attempting to speak and watched, looking more like a boy than ever.

Someone flung a stone at the platform and struck a man in the face. Then trouble took definite shape.

As if discharged by an invisible battery, the air was filled with flying missiles. The crowd surged backwards and forwards, as yet free from the platform, and there arose the sudden low roar of men enraged.

"Rush the platform!" came a cry.

It gave vision to a blind struggle. Like a wave the crowd came.

Richard was on his feet facing them.

"By the Lord!" he exclaimed, and leaped up beside Lyons.

"Out you come, quick! The side door!" he shouted.

Lyons hesitated.

A stone had struck him and his face was full of fight. Raising some College cry of defiance, his friends crowded round him.

Richard cursed him through shut teeth and swung a chair at a man who was going for Lyons with a piece of bar-iron.

And at that moment the lights went out.

Mr. Arthur Lyons felt himself dragged along in an iron grip.

The next five minutes were busy, but they were out at last, breathless and comparatively unharmed.

Lyons counted his friends, gave a short laugh, and then caught impulsively at Richard's arm as he saw him moving away.

"Here! Don't go like that!" he exclaimed. "It was—it was jolly good of you to stand by us."

The words came in a burst, but he was so anxious to put it in a better way. A sudden access of feeling made him dumb and he gave for Richard's hand.

Involuntarily Richard returned the grip. Then he pulled free.

"You—with your pretty speeches! By the Lord, if I had your chance——!"

Suddenly he flung away, leaving the candidate for Retrenchment and Reform staring.

"But, I say! Let me thank you, man. You saved my life!" he protested, hurrying after him.

"Go to the devil!" said Richard with vigour. [Another of these stories will appear next week.—ED.]

DEATH AT THE DENTIST'S.

From time to time cases are reported in newspapers of people succumbing under anæsthetic while having their teeth drawn.

The hearts of all patients are carefully tested before an anæsthetic is administered, yet the shock of the comparatively trifling operation of having a tooth pulled, sometimes proves too much for their systems.

Medical scientists have just discovered that it is actually more dangerous to have teeth drawn than to have an arm amputated while under an anæsthetic.

The reason is that for the smaller operation the patient is only rendered partially unconscious, so that the system suffers the full effect of the shock when the tooth is pulled.

Moreover, the drug greatly reduces the strength, and makes him feel the shock more.

The moral, therefore, is that one should, when visiting the dentist's, either bear the pain without an anæsthetic at all, or else see that a thoroughly capable anæsthetist is employed, as he will administer enough of the drug to insure the system as well as the senses shall be incapable of suffering from the shock.

FOR MEN ONLY.

OATINE AND SHAVING.

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This unfortunately cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap such as either the **OATINE SHAVING CREAM** (in tubes) or the **OATINE SHAVING STICK**, both of which are British-made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a

lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **OATINE SOAPS** for shaving do so without delay.

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AGENTS WANTED.

MUSIC AND THE MAN.

Play me something to rouse me,
Something to make me live.—MACANDREW.

The recruits are lined with idle civilians. They stand at a standstill, and all eyes are turned in the direction from which as yet can only be heard the rhythmic beat of drums. The dull tramp of feet, and as it grows nearer the big drum-major above the heads of the waiting crowds, they yet feel that there is something wanting. Suddenly the band strikes up—it is only the melody of a popular song played as a march, and the troops swing into view. The raw recruit stiffens instinctively as the music begins; he puts every ounce of swagger in him into his march; he feels more of a man than he has ever done before. He would gladly lay down his life for his country, he longs to look to grips with someone, and the fighting comes into his eyes. What has caused this martial ardour? Only a military band, playing an ordinary popular melody! Yet who does not feel a thrill that goes to the very bottom of his soul when he hears the music of drum and bugle, or trumpet or fife?

The concert hall is hushed. From the crowded galleries one looks down on a sea of white shirt fronts, while the reek of tobacco smoke rises till the ceiling is hidden in a blue haze. There is a woman in all that vast audience. There is a man who has frittered away an idle day in clubland, men who have travelled many miles to be present at that smoking concert.

Violinists lead the soloist steps on to the platform. A fragile girl with jet black hair and eyes that tell something of what only her violin can voice.

She begins to play. It is Dvorak's "Humoresque." Every man in the audience is carried away with the sheer joy of living expressed in those opening bars. Until suddenly there is a change. Even the hardest heart is wrung by the ineffable tones which she puts into the second theme. It tells a longing that cannot be satisfied, of a yearning after something that may not be, and not a strong man there but longs to comfort

The bow can play upon the hearts of men. The scene changes from grave to gay, and now we are in a great music-hall. Still the reek of the tobacco-smoke, but the audience are there to be amused, to be taken out of themselves, to be made to forget all the cares and worries of the day.

The band strikes up the lilt of a well-known song, and on comes the famous "star" who has made his own.

With infectious jollity and a beaming countenance he patters through the verse, and roars out the chorus until the audience are forced to join in.

Over and over again they sing it, until at last they stop from sheer exhaustion.

Indeed hath charms to soothe, and even a song can bring rest and relaxation to any soul.

A Highland valley, in the middle of summer. Twilight is deepening into night, and the stars begin to come out in a cloudless sky. Everywhere in the still, hot atmosphere is the music of the drowsy hum of insects.

From the far end of the valley there gradually comes a sound at first indistinguishable from it, but growing louder and stronger.

It is the sound of the pibroch—the sound that carries the news of their deliverance to the survivors in Lucknow fifty years ago, the sound that still is the finest music in the world to the Scotchman, and the most beautiful music to the rest of the world.

A. H. MAUDE.

IN MY GARDEN.



WHY I LIKE TO BE THERE.

When the day's work is over I put on an old suit and go out to enjoy my garden.

You must wear clothes that need not be taken care of, if you are really to enjoy a garden, to revel in it as I do.

I consider my garden to be my best investment, although I derive no profit from it in the money sense of profit; but the rent I give for it, the cost of seeds and plants, the time and labour I lavish upon it, are more than well repaid.

Though it is small, my garden is big enough to satisfy me; in fact I think I like it better than I should if it were larger, because then I should not know every inch of it and every plant as I do now.

When I finish work for the day and go out into my garden, it seems like a reunion with many old and dear friends. The plants that I have nurtured from seeds, the bushes I have watched growing, the creeper I have trained—they all combine to welcome me and to force my mind away from workaday cares.

But that is not all that my garden does for me. In it I can work till I am dead beat, and I like to feel properly tired out sometimes.

There is hard digging to do when you want it, and potting and transplanting at all times.

These latter jobs are often as hard as the heavier ones. The actual force needed for them is not so great as for digging, but they mean a great deal of bending, and if your back is not fairly sound you will soon know of it.

That is one of the charms of work in the garden. It catches you all over, and not only in your arms as so many other exercises do.

At the end of an evening's garden work you find yourself tired and wonder why. You have been so intent on your labours that you have not been conscious of the growing fatigue, and when you put down your spade or your hoe you find your muscles deliciously tired, though your mind and all your senses are at their fittest.

Then is the time for a smoke. Tobacco never tastes better than when you light up, seat yourself on the doorstep and survey the result of your handiwork.

Then is the time to dream.

You were worried in business. Possibly you were not satisfied with yourself and felt uncomfortable because you thought you might have done better.

Now such thoughts have no place in your mind.

You are lord of your garden domain, however small it may be. It is yours, and it is good to look upon.

If there is poetry in you it comes out now.

You don't start singing to yourself in blank verse, but you see the beautiful things that the poets have seen and you see them with their eyes.

This quiet meditation is food for your soul, and you feel better and stronger and happier for it.

The dashing sportsman may not think much of gardening for a hobby, but it was Adam's work and it is still good enough for your humble writer—as a pastime anyhow. C. GRANEY.

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FREE. In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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In Defence of B.-P.'s Scouts

[In accordance with my promise when I printed Mr. Cooper's striking attack upon General Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts, I have now much pleasure in giving prominence to the other side of the question.]

Personally I am inclined to think that the Boy Scout movement does more good than harm, but as to that you must be the judge. —Ed.]

A DEFENCE.

May I, a humble individual, whose only title to be heard rests on eight years' continuous work among boys' clubs, be permitted to reply to Mr. David Cooper's criticisms on those whom he is pleased to call "Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts"?

Now, if we analyse these criticisms we find that they really resolve themselves into an attack on Major-General Baden-Powell himself. He is accused of originating the Boy Scout movement as a means of advertising himself; and his defence of Mafeking is belittled as being, for the most part, theatrical posing and not a very considerable achievement.

The General does not need my pen to vindicate his character, nor do I deny a certain tendency to self-advertisement, but may I ask Mr. Cooper whether this fact necessarily precludes all claim to ability? Men of such very different temperaments as the late Victor Hugo and ex-President Roosevelt, whose claims to greatness scarce anyone could be found to deny, were by no means exempt from a similar tendency to bulk largely in the public eye. Again, if the defence of Mafeking were such a small matter, what an extremely astute person must Major-General Baden-Powell be to have hoodwinked the entire British Public to such an extent that they became delirious with excitement on the news that Mafeking had been relieved.

Further, the real question is, not why Major-General Baden-Powell initiated the movement, but whether that movement be good or bad.

Now, what are Mr. Cooper's criticisms on the Boy Scouts themselves?

(1) He complains of their cheap theatrical uniform. Well; is he aware that every part of this cheap theatrical uniform can be turned to account in first aid and ambulance work?

(2) He speaks of the boys slouching along leaning on their ridiculous alpenstocks. I should like to know how this feat is successfully accomplished; I find it quite beyond my powers of accomplishment. Is he aware that the ridiculous alpenstocks can be and have been used to form very serviceable stretchers?

(3) He compares the Boy Scouts, to their great detriment, to the smart and well-set-up members of Boys' Brigades and Cadet Corps, apparently on the assumption that the Scouts are never drilled.

Is he aware that at least one night in each week is devoted to drill?

And if the Scouts compare so unfavourably with Boys' Brigades and Cadet Corps, may I ask why the L.D.C.L.B. are trying to start a Boy Scout section, and adopting almost bodily the rules laid down in "Scouting for Boys"? The Y.M.C.A. are doing the same.

(4) He speaks as though rifle shooting were never dreamt of in connection with the Boy Scouts. Let me refer him to "Scouting for Boys," p. 250, line 11.

"Hints to Instructors: Marksmanship can be taught indoors with the Blanchette Air Gun Tube. Price four guineas with air rifle. Targets rod, per 100. Get leave to use or join a Miniature Rifle Club range."

(5) He complains that boys would be no use in war, and would never be used in war. What then is to become of the large number of youths of 16 and 17 who have recently joined the Territorials?

As a matter of fact, the Boy Scouts are not



and are not meant to be a Military organisation, though Boy Scouts were used in war at the siege of Mafeking.

(6) He quotes a soldier of his acquaintance as desiring to shoot the little —s; and his inference is that all decent soldiers look with contempt on the Boy Scouts.

Why then are so many military men interested in the movement, and why do both ex-soldiers and those at present serving not only allow but encourage their boys to join?

In conclusion, is Mr. Cooper aware that every Scout has to pass tests in First Aid and Swimming?

He is evidently not aware that one of the first things a Scout learns is to be courteous. I recom-

mend him to join the Scouts without delay, and shall be delighted to lick him into shape.

(REV.) J. M. COBBITS,
Scoutmaster, 1st Marylebone Troop of Boy Scouts,

4, Queen's-Road, St. John's Wood.

We have also received, amongst many other letters from supporters of the Boy Scout movement, the following from Mr. P. W. Everett, of the Boy Scouts' headquarters.

To the Editor of THE MODERN MAN.

Dear Sir,

My attention has been directed to an article appearing on page 2 of your issue of March 6th, 1909. General Baden-Powell is on his way to South America, otherwise he would doubtless have accepted your invitation to reply to your criticisms. In his absence I am sending you a contribution entitled "All About the Boy Scouts," which was written by Major-General Baden-Powell just before he left, and I shall be glad if you will in accordance with your promise find an opening for this in an early issue of THE MODERN MAN.

Yours faithfully,

P. W. EVERETT.

ALL ABOUT THE BOY SCOUTS.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, C.B.

All the life and work of a Scout can be learnt and practised at home, a good deal of it even at school. There are already many thousands of Boy Scouts, both in Great Britain and in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

In the winter they learn tracking and signalling, compass reading, and all about the Scout laws, and they play scouting games or hear scouting yarns, so that when the summer comes round, they are able to go into camp and practise scouting straight away, and it is grand fun to all.

To become a Scout a boy can join a patrol belonging to a boys' brigade, cadet corps or club, or, if not a member of one of these, a few boys among themselves can raise a patrol by getting together six of about the same age, under a leader who is selected by them. The patrol leader then chooses one of the patrol as his corporal or second in command. Several patrols together form a troop, under an officer called a scoutmaster.

On becoming a Scout a boy promises on his honour three things:

- (1) To be loyal to God and the King.
- (2) To help other people at all times.
- (3) To obey the Scout law.

He learns the secret sign of the Scouts and also his patrol call, every patrol being named after some animal whose cry must be imitated in order to communicate with the other members of the patrol at night. No Scout may, however, use the cry of another patrol. The Scout law binds him to be loyal, kind, obedient and cheerful.

When he has learnt the different duties of a Scout and is able to do them well, he obtains a badge as a Scout.

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The OUTERMEN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SLEEVE LINKS.

As I have said before, it is best to avoid sham altogether in the matter of dress—and, indeed, in everything else.

If I see a man walking about displaying a piece of jewellery or article of clothing which is obviously pretending to be something other than it is, I lose all respect for him immediately.

There is nothing in which this sham display is more often made than sleeve links. Imitation gold ones are the variety most commonly seen.

It is far better to have a good pair of silver ones than even a pair of 9 carat gold ones. But there are plenty of cheap sleeve links made which do not pretend to be anything but what they are, but which nevertheless look quite smart and attractive.

Mother-of-pearl, for instance, or gun-metal are open to no objection.

Excellent links may be made from two pairs of coins—preferably foreign or Oriental ones. These are not very difficult to get, especially if you have a relative or friend abroad, for the cost of no more than the amount of the coins, which may be quite small silver ones.

A working jeweller will make them up very cheaply for you, and they should last a lifetime.

A couple of pairs of regimental or other embossed buttons, when silver plated, make a splendid pair of links, as well as a useful present and memento of the giver.

I have a pair of silver button links which were the gift of a friend some ten years ago, and they are good for another fifty years yet.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

A Dublin reader asks me for a few hints with regard to the right sort of handkerchief to use, and where to carry it.

"Is a red silk handkerchief," he asks, "a *sine qua non* with evening dress? Where should the handkerchief be worn? and is it good taste to keep it down one's sleeve?"

A red silk handkerchief, my friend, is not only not an essential accompaniment of evening dress nowadays, but it is considered the worst of bad taste to use one.

A white silk one is most correct, but, failing that, an ordinary white linen one should be used.

It is certainly not bad taste to carry the handkerchief tucked into your sleeve—in fact that is now the usual place, for necessity is to some extent the mother of fashion as well as of invention.

In any case it must not be placed in the inside breast pocket of your dress coat, for it will spoil the shape of your figure. That pocket should contain nothing more bulky than your cigarette case.

The only alternative is the tail pocket in a full-dress coat, or the side pocket in a dinner-jacket. The latter makes quite a useful receptacle, but the former is very awkward to get at, and there is always the danger of part of the handkerchief showing.

Personally, when going to a dance, or any function where a reserve handkerchief is likely to be useful, I keep the one in use tucked into my cuff, and the reinforcements, still folded flat, in my tail pocket.

They are ready if I want them.

THE WATCH WITH EVENING DRESS.

The same correspondent asks, "Where should one's watch be kept?"

When in evening dress, the watch should be carried either in the left hand pocket of the waistcoat, if it is a fairly thin one, or in a pocket specially made at the top of the left hand side of the trousers.

Your tailor will put this in for you, if you give him the tip when he is making your dress suit, or it can be inserted at any time with very little difficulty.

If the watch is worn in this way, the chain should be replaced by a fob of black watered silk, with an old family seal or two, if you are lucky enough to be able to find genuine gold ones. Beware, however, of using imitation ones.

The fob hangs loose from the pocket, and though the watch may appear to be at the mercy of the light-fingered fraternity, it is really quite safe, for the watch-pocket is covered by the waistcoat.

If the watch is carried in the waistcoat pocket, no chain or guard should be worn with full dress—especially with a white or coloured waistcoat. With a dinner jacket the chain is not tabooed, but should never be passed through the buttonhole.

MORE PICTURESQUE CLOTHES.

We but deceive ourselves if we assert that men's fashions, as they are, have reached the summit of utility. It is not so. Our clothes are not so cheap or serviceable as they might be, nor can they be accused of being in the least picturesque.

During the past few years we have had many radical changes. The silk hat, costly, and liable to be spoilt by a single shower of rain, has all but toppled from its position. Stiff fronted shirts are reserved almost exclusively for evening dress. Patent leather boots have given way to the more comfortable glacé kid for dress wear, and with lounge suits one may wear practically what one likes in the matter of foot-gear.

I think it was Mr. Louis N. Parker who suggested that we should revert to the costume of the middle ages. The impossibility of any such scheme is obvious. Usefulness must come before all things and one can imagine the feelings and temper of a man who has trudged through muddy streets to his office dressed in trunk hose, one blue, the other perhaps red.

Mr. Max Beerbohm is all for a revival of the Georgian costumes, but he can expect no support except from his own artistic coterie. Mr. C. B. Fry has suggested that riding breeches and gaiters should become the wear of the business man. With our younger men this idea might certainly prove popular, but I fear many of the older and less athletic princes of commerce would shrink from revealing the paucity of their calves.

THE INEVITABLE OPPOSITION.

We instinctively oppose anything new in the matter of dress. John Hetherington, who nearly a century ago first introduced the silk hat, was brought before a magistrate, and charged with a breach of the peace by wearing "A tall structure having a shiny lustre calculated to frighten timid people," and yet the silk hat became, ten years later, the nation's tin god.

If Mr. Beerbohm gave us an imitation of one of the Georges, we should laugh at him also, and, I venture to think, rightly.

We may wear fancy costumes in the drawing-room or at balls, but our working clothes must before all things be well suited to their purpose.

Mr. Fry's suggestion, apart from the objections that I have stated, might be worth consideration in the winter season at least.

For my own part I have a distinct leaning towards breeches and gaiters, for they are twenty times more comfortable than trousers, and I should be glad to see more of them in town.

DARNING A HOLE.

One of the most provoking things that can happen to a man who takes any pride in his clothes, is to have unobserved embers from his cigarette fall upon them and burn a small hole. Generally the first inkling he has of the fact that his suit is being spoilt, is the smell of burnt wool, and it is then too late to save the cloth from injury.

To have a new suit spoilt like this is most annoying, but the damage may be repaired so that it will not be observed. Appeal to your landlady, your wife, or to whomsoever you apply in such an emergency. Get her to sew a small patch underneath the injured spot, and have her darn the hole itself with a thread taken out of the suit. You can get such a thread inside one of the seams, and a repair so made will defy detection.

WAISTCOAT CLEANING.

I have before me no less than three inquiries from readers who want to know how to clean light waistcoats which have become soiled. My answer is that everything depends upon the material of which the waistcoat is made.

Personally I should regard it as injudicious and extravagant to have a light waistcoat made of any material that would not wash.

I am rather fond of light waistcoats, and have several, but in every case, according to my instructions, the tailor has made them with white linings and with a white back, so that there will be no running of colours when they are sent to the wash tub.

This care in selection smooths, I think, the difficulty of keeping the light waistcoat fresh looking.

Where, however, you are buying your vests ready made, you cannot be a chooser in the matter of lining, and it is ten to one that this will consist of some coloured material which will stain the vest as soon as it is soaped and washed. If you have suspicions that your vest is one of this kind, I don't recommend that it should be sent to the wash. Rather should you try to persuade the dirt from it by a judicious application of bread crumbs and fuller's earth, well rubbed in. This is not the sort of job that a man cares to tackle, but there is generally some member of his household whom he can bribe into doing it for him.

Distinctive Tailoring

not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

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Below we have pleasure in printing the first of our readers' announcements.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

LONG OVERCOAT.—(Fit 39 chest, 5ft. 9in. height). Medium grey shade, quiet herringbone pattern. Cost £3 15s. Splendid coat for driving or travelling. Price 15/-—Apply, Box 5, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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WANTED.—Fur-lined Motor Coat, in good condition, for man 5ft. 10in., 38in. chest. No rubbish.—Particulars to Box 23, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

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LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.
Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Joanna Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin,
Dawson Street.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E. Perry

COL. BAGOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.
I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

A. Bagot Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

**4/6 Trial Bottle,
TATCHO.**

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

The Geo. R. Sims
M. M. Hair Restorer Co.